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"ONLY NINE MILES TO THE JUNCTION."

WRITTEN BY H MILLARD, COMPANY A, 71st REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

TUNE—*The other side of Jordan.*

The troops of Rhode Island were posted along
On the road from Annapolis station,
As the Seventy-first Regiment, one thousand strong,
Went on in defence of the nation:
We'd been marching all day in the sun's scorching ray,
With two biscuits each as a ration,
When we asked Gov'nor Sprague to show us the way
And "How many miles to the Junction?"

CHORUS—How many miles, how many miles,
How many miles to the Junction?
When we asked Gov'nor Sprague to show us the way,
And "How many miles to the Junction?"

The Rhode Island boys cheered us on out of sight,
After giving the following injunction:—
"Just keep up your courage—you'll get there to-night,
For 'tis only nine miles to the Junction;"
They gave us hot coffee, a grasp of the hand,
Which cheer'd and refreshed our exhaustion:
We reached in six hours the long promised land,
For 'twas "only nine miles to the Junction."

CHORUS—Only nine miles, &c.

And now as we meet them in Washington's streets,
They always do hail us with unction,
And still the old cry some one surely repeats—
"'Tis only nine miles to the Junction:"
Three cheers for the warm-hearted Rhode Island boys,
May each one be true to his function,
And whene'er we meet, let us each other greet,
With "only nine miles to the Junction."

CHORUS—Only nine miles, &c.

Nine cheers for the flag under which we will fight,
If the traitors should dare to assail it—
One cheer for each mile that we made on that night
When 'twas "only nine miles to the Junction:"
With hearts thus united—our breasts to the foe—
Once again with delight we will hail it,
If duty should call us, still onward we'll go,
If even "nine miles to the Junction."

CHORUS—Only nine miles, &c.

THE DESPERATE STAKE
OR
THE LAST HAND IN THE GAME OF LIFE.

A TALE OF NEW YORK NOW-A-DAYS.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF VICE AND VIRTUE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS; LOVE, MURDER, AMBITION, REVENGE, THE THIRST FOR GOLD, INCENDIARISM, THE FIREMEN, TRACT SOCIETIES, POLITICS, POLICE, THE UPPER AND THE LOWER CRUST, THE COURT, THE PRISON, ETC., ETC.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN F. POOLE,

Dramatist.

CHAPTER X.

RALPH RAYTON MAKES "HIGH."

Rayton Awaits the Coming of his Absent Bride—Solitary Ruminations—A Visitor—Solomon Tenpercent Uses Strong Language—The Tables Turned—Ralph Rayton Threatens to Expose His Wife and Makes a Good Bargain—Twenty Thousand Dollars the Price of Silence—The Bond of Secresy—"High."

RALPH RAYTON was in his parlor at the hotel; with a fragrant Havana between his lips, he paced the floor. It was now one o'clock, and his bride had not returned. Rayton was undecided how to act.

"Curse that villain Shay!" he muttered, forgetting for the moment that on the score of villany, he himself could give him six and beat him easy. "Curse him, I'll be even with him yet. I'll not rest till I put him under ground. What had I best do? It's most probable that she has gone back to her mother's, and I dare not go there to seek her. A fortune lost! a fortune! The only one I feared was my wife, and so far she is quiet. Little did I think that Cully Shay knew my secret. Where the devil did he learn that I was Captain Formesley? Ha! 'twas a well played game, and I won't yet call it lost. No one knows of my former marriage except her, and she must—no—no! I can't take her life; I wouldn't do it unless it were to save my own. What had I best do?"

He paced the room more rapidly, and puffed away at his cigar until the smoke rose like a cloud around him. He was not aware of the entrance of a visitor while he thus moved to and fro. Stopping suddenly, he brought his hands together with a loud smack, exclaiming, "I have it—I have it!"

The visitor spoke. Turning, Rayton beheld Solomon Tenpercent standing by the door.

"So, sir, I've found you!" he said.

For an instant or two Ralph Rayton was taken aback, but the spirit of impudence and self-assurance came to his aid.

"Yes sir, you've found me; pray take a seat. I assure you I'm delighted to see you.

"Impudent scoundrel!"

"Hard language, sir—hard language."

"But not strong enough for such as you. A villain who, under an assumed name, enters a domestic circle and steals away its ornament, its jewel."

"You speak in riddles, sir. I do not understand you," he said, resolved, if possible, to brazen it out.

"Do I? Then perhaps you will understand me when I tell you that I have learned who you are and what you are. My daughter has—"

"Enough, sir; I comprehend. Yesterday, a crazy wretch, a lunatic, escaped from his asylum and found his way to this room. Here, under the strange hallucination that I was some person with whom he was formerly acquainted, he repeated a most ridiculous story. This story you perhaps have heard."

"I have, sir, and, thank heaven, my daughter has a father's arms yet to rescue her. She is safe beneath my roof."

"And allow me to ask by what authority you dare to abduct my wife and to keep her from me?" asked Rayton, in a resolute tone.

"By the authority of right; the right to keep her from contact with a convict."

"Ha, ha! and suppose I were to-morrow to demand her; to bring you to an open court to answer for her detention; could you prove that I am either a scoundrel, a villain, or a convict?"

"The records of the Court would prove it."

"Indeed! Well, I will save you the trouble of searching musty court records. I will admit that I am all three; that my name is not Formesley, but Rayton; that I never held a commission in the British army. Still I demand my wife. I summon you to produce her. You state your case; the law decides that I am not to have her; then what will be the consequences?"

He spoke as calmly as if he was asking the most common-place question.

"The consequences will be that you will be re-consigned to the well-merited fate from which you escaped; a felon's cell."

"That would be the consequences to me; but to your daughter—she would be pointed at as the wife of a convict; for, let the court decide as it may, you cannot wipe the fact of the marriage out. She would be shunned, and cutting slurs and jeers, insults in action, and bitter slights from even those beneath her, would make her lot one of life long misery, until she would call on death to free her from it; perhaps seek to end it by suicide."

The old man groaned aloud at the thought.

"Oh, villain! villain! thrice accursed villain! Good Heaven! is there no way to avert this calamity?" he cried in agony.

"Yes," said Ralph; "there is a way; sit down, and I'll tell it to you."

They sat by the table in the centre of the room.

"Now, you wish to save your child from shame and misery. Excuse me, while I light a fresh cigar. Do you smoke?" he asked, extending his case. "No? ah, well, every man to his taste."

Having lit his "cuba," he proceeded:—

"You wish to save her; I will tell you how to do it."

"How! how?"

"Pay me the sum of twenty thousand dollars, and I promise to give your daughter a full release from her marriage contract, never to see her again, never to mention her as my wife."

Solomon Tenpercent stared at him in wonder.

"My offer is a plain, an honest one. For the sum I have named, I pledge my word, my honor—nay, I will give you my solemn promise in writing that I will not expose your daughter."

The scene was a peculiar one. Ralph Rayton, the fugitive from justice, the escaped convict, bargaining not to expose the innocent one he had foully wronged.

"You are a bold man!" said Solomon.

"You flatter me," was the response.

"You will sign an agreement never to see my daughter again, never to speak of your cursed marriage with her, in fact, to live a stranger to her, if I pay you the price you demand?"

"I will."

"Enough, you shall have it."

"All right, old gentleman, I like to deal with a man of sense," and Rayton laughed aloud at his good fortune.

"Come, my carriage is at the door. Accompany me to my attorney. In order to hasten the matter, I consent to ride, for once, with a villain hateful as hell itself."

"Yes, thank you. You must excuse my not appreciating the compliment, but I am so used to that style of thing."

A short drive brought them to the office of Mr. Jonas Scrawl, counsellor, attorney at law, and commissioner of deeds. The necessary document was drawn up, and Ralph Rayton signed it, witnessed by Jonas Scrawl and his clerk. Solomon Tenpercent wrote two checks on different banks for ten thousand dollars each, and handed them to Rayton.

"There" he said, "and I hope in God never to see or hear more of you."

Rayton touched his breast. "My honor," he ejaculated, dramatically. "My honor is pledged, and I value it more than bonds of any sort. Have you got a match on the premises?" he asked the clerk.

A match was furnished he lit a fresh cigar, and with a "good day" all round, walked leisurely from the office.

"The game was well played," he said to himself. "My 'Queen of Diamonds' was a trump card, and I am High."

CHAPTER XI.

Ralph Rayton Begins to Think that He was too Moderate in His Demands—Resolves to Help Himself to Bill Cain's Cash—Alastor Gripp in a Post of Honor and Profit—The Petitioner for Charity—Gripp Hears Her Story, and Benevolently Presents Her with a Bundle of Tracts Wherewith to Amuse Her Starving Children—Bounce Displays True Charity—Alastor Determines to Make a Grand Haul.

RALPH RAYTON turned his checks into cash.

"It's not such a big sum after all," he said. "Why in the name of all that's sensible didn't I say enough to take me to Europe and buy an estate there. I'd have got it. I must have more. I've set my head on an estate in Europe, and I must have it. Who's got money? let me see. There's old Fuller, the pawnbroker—but he keeps his place too well guarded; there's Grasp, the flour merchant, his house is next door to a police office—he wont do. There's Bill Cain; he bought three houses to-day and is to pay for them to-morrow; he drew the money out of the bank this afternoon. He's the man. Yes! his pile added to what I've got will be enough. To-night I'll do it—to-night.

In approval of his determination to "do it," he treated himself to a large horn of old cognac.

Solomon Tenpercent returned to the "Brown Stone Front," related to Mrs. T. the interview with Rayton, and showed the document, which, though it soothed his mind, in point of fact was useless to prevent exposure, did Ralph feel so inclined. He spoke no word of reproach to his better half, for he felt that she had already suffered enough for her share in the fatal union.

Alastor Gripp, "the brand plucked from the burning," was now president of the "Society for the Dissemination of Useless Knowledge," as well as treasurer of the "Society for the Reformation of Mutilated Horse Marines." His little *faux pas* was entirely forgotten, or if ever brought to memory was thought of as an example of how even the most excellent and saintly may fall into the snares of the evil one, yea, even as St. Peter, as David, as Solomon himself, did slip from grace, but quickly returned to the right path.

Mr. Gripp sat in his comfortable arm chair in the luxuriously furnished private office of the society, his feet elevated on an ottoman before the glowing coal fire in the grate; he was engaged in perusing the weekly organ of the society, the "Banner of Bunkum."

Near by stood a wretched looking woman holding in her arms a puny babe. The woman's face was a living picture of Famine, her red eyes showed that she had been weeping.

"You said, I believe, that you had a family?" asked Mr. Gripp, as he dropped his paper on his knees.

"Yes, sir, four children and my husband."

"What are the ages of your children? my good woman?"

"The oldest is five years, the others, three, two, and this infant in my arms, eight months. Eight months, and her face looks like that of a child of two years, but she is so little; most children are bigger when a month old."

"Answer my questions as briefly as possible, if you please, my time is valuable. What does your husband do?"

"He used to carry a hod, sir, but five weeks ago he fell from a ladder and broke his arm, since then we have been very badly off, but now the worst has come, my children are starving, I was forced to beg for charity, I did not like to do it, but I could not see them grow thinner and thinner day by day, and know that hunger was preying on their vitals and sucking their life-blood away."

A sad case indeed. But, my good woman, that is the great fault of the lower classes. When they have work to do and money coming in, they spend it, taking no care to provide for the wet day, so that when misfortune comes, they have only themselves to blame. I don't really know that our society can recognize your claims upon its bounty; however, I will lay your case before the next monthly meeting, which takes place two weeks from next Tuesday.

"Two weeks! My God! my children would starve to death before then."

"Let us hope not, my dear, but if they should, you have no one to blame but yourself. Had you been provident when your husband was well, you would not now be obliged to trouble the society for aid. Still, I will give you something to take home with you—something that will do you much good."

The poor woman's eyes lighted up. Hope entered her sorrowing heart. She prayed for endless blessings on her benefactor's head.

Mr. Gripp proceeded to a closet in the room, and returned in a moment with something in his hand.

"Here," he said, "take those home with you, you will find that they contain, better than all earthly food, the food of Life."

And Alastor Gripp handed her a bundle of tracts.

Ere the poor woman had time to give vent to her outraged feelings, by bestowing on the man who had mocked her misery, a piece of her mind, the door opened and a boy entered. It was Bounce. His quick eye took in the scene at a glance.

"The devil's waiting for you," he said, then commenced to whistle "Dixie."

Lest our readers wouldn't understand Bounce's speech, let us explain that the personage he alluded to was not his sable Majesty, but a printer's devil, *i. e.*, office boy. Joskins, editor of the "Banner of Bunkum," had sent his boy for the Society's "ads."

"I'll see him at once. I have some orders to give for next week's issue," said Gripp, rising. "There now, my good woman, hasten home to your family. Don't stand there!" he cried, as he passed through the door-way that led to the public office of the S. R. M. H. M.

The poor woman burst into tears.

"Wot's the matter, mam? Has the old fellow been saying anything to you? If he has, darn his old skin, if I don't pitch into him myself," said Bounce.

The woman's tears fell faster.

"Oh, I see how it is. You're in want, and the old cock has been offering you some "dockyments." That's his style of acting, darned old curmudgeon."

"I am indeed in want, and that man has insulted my wretchedness."

Bounce was feeling in all his pockets.

"I wish to thunder you'd come yesterday. Blamed if I ain't sorry I bought that pen-knife. Here's all I've left, anyhow." And he placed in her hand the sole amount of his cash capital—nineteen cents.

The woman took it, and in choking accents, thanked him heartily.

"Hold on, don't go yet. There, take that; eat it on your way home. It's my dinner, but I don't feel hungry, or if I do," he added, "you want it worse than me." He gave her the paper of provisions that was intended to serve for his mid-day meal.

"God bless you, boy, God bless you! and may you never know what it is to be hungry," said the poor creature, fervently.

When she was gone, Bounce gave expression to his feelings of satisfaction at the act he had done, by executing a breakdown *a la* Bryant, and singing "Old Bob Ridley, oh!" in so boisterous a manner as to bring Mr. Gripp hastily to the room.

"Get out of that, you young imp! If you don't behave yourself better, I'll discharge you one of those days."

"No you won't," retorted Bounce, boldly. "You know I've been with you so long, you can't git along without me." He left the room.

Gripp resumed his seat and paper. As he sat, he gave vent to his thoughts.

"I've got a good thing of it here, re-installed in the good opinion of the faithful, treasurer of the Society with a fat salary, and every prospect of a fine haul soon. The funds are running up rapidly—thirty-five thousand now in my charge, thanks to my own good management of affairs. It will soon reach forty or fifty thousand, and then some fine day the Society will miss its treasurer, and the funds will be missing at the same time. Yes, in the language of the wicked and ungodly, 'it's a big thing on ice.'"

We will see, by and bye, how Mr. Gripps succeeded in fulfilling his intentions.

CHAPTER XII.

Bill Cain at Home—Amy Sterne Pays Him a Visit—High Words—Bill Receives a Call from a Stranger—A House to Sell—The Assassination—Escape of the Assass'n—Amy Sterne is Arrested and Accused of the Murder—The Coroner's Inquest—Mrs. Gabbey Testifies to Amy's Threat to have Revenge on Bill Cain—Ralph Rayton the Murderer.

THE week allowed by Bill Cain for the Sternes to pay their rent was up, and they had not the means of paying it. Amy resolved to go to Cain, and beg for a further respite. Though the mission seemed hopeless, she had no other resource, so, with a determination to forget, if possible, his conduct towards her, and bury all ill feelings in the desire of retaining a roof over her mother's head, she set off.

Arrived at his residence, she found him in.

Bill Cain was a miser at heart. So great was his love of lucre, that he almost deprived himself of the common necessities of life to amass it. He lived in the upper part of one of his old houses; tenants occupied the lower floors.

As Amy went up the stoop, a neatly dressed woman was coming down.

"Who did you want to see?" she asked.

"Mr. Cain," was the reply.

"Ah, I thought you might have wanted me. I advertised for a place to-day." The woman passed on.

Bill Cain advanced to meet Amy as she entered.

"Have you brought the rent?" he asked abruptly.

"No sir, we have had ——"

"Then what do you come for?"

"I have come to beg a little further time. To-morrow I enter a new situation, where I will have better pay than I have had. If you will be so good as to wait a little, we will be enabled to pay you."

"Wait! wait! wait! that's what you said before, that's the old cry. I buy houses, I must pay for them; if I go to the owner and say 'wait, wait,' what'll he say, eh? He'll say he'll see me blowed first. I'll not wait another day, not another hour."

"Oh! sir, I beg you, I implore you, do not turn us out; we will pay you all we owe in time. For myself I do not care, but my mother, oh! have pity on her. My poor sick brother, to turn him out, would be to kill him."

"Didn't I tell you I'd do it? Didn't I swear I'd do it? and I will do it, unless you do as I asked you to. Come now, there aint no use of putting a fine point on it. I give you a last chance. Here we are all alone, will you keep the room or will you go out? Say it—in or out?"

"*Out*, out into the streets to perish, to die, if it be our fate. Out, houseless and homeless, to beg a shelter of some one with what you lack—a soul."

"Out it is then. Before I'm an hour older, you'll find yourself on the sidewalk."

"Oh, no, have mercy. On my knees I beg you. Mercy! mercy! It is not for myself I plead, but for her who bore me. Do not drive us forth, and I will pray for you, will sue to Heaven for forgetfulness of all your sins."

"Get up! get up! you're only losing time. I've said I'd turn you out, and by the great jumping jingo, I'll do it—that is, unless you do what I asked," said Cain, unfeelingly.

"I have done; execute your threats, and when the great Judge calls you to account for all your deeds, the act shall rise up against you and consign you to eternal torments," she exclaimed.

Bill Cain's response was a derisive laugh.

Finding all hope gone, Amy left the room. As she passed out, so great was her excitement, that she did not notice a dark figure crouching against the wall beside the door.

"What an unmitigated fool that girl is," said Cain to himself. "How easily she might avoid trouble, by being agreeable to me; but she hasn't got sense enough to do it. Well, I've often heard it said that all the fools aint dead yet, and I'll be shot if I don't believe it. It's getting dark; I'll close the blinds and light the lamp. Ah! oil costs a sight of money, but I can't sit in the dark. I don't know why it is, but I'm always afraid of it."

Taking the lamp from the mantel piece, he proceeded to trim it. While he was thus engaged, a man entered.

"Good evening," said the new comer. "Is your name Cain?"

"That's my name. What's your business?"

"I have a house which I wish to dispose of. I thought it would suit you."

"What kind of house? where is it? what's the price?" he asked in a breath. "It must be cheap, or I can't buy it, because I can't command much money, you see."

"Sit down and I'll tell you all about it. I'm a business man, and I always make short work of a bargain; sit down."

"Hold on till I light the lamp."

"Pshaw! there's light enough. My time is short. Sit down and let us see if we can't make a bargain."

Bill Cain, half unwillingly, took his seat. The stranger drew a chair and sat near him.

"The house," he said, "is a wooden frame one. I will sell it for two thousand dollars."

"Where is it? what street?"

"It is in Leonard street, the first—no, the second—let me see." The stranger paused for a moment as if to assist his memory, and placed his hand inside the breast of his coat. "Yes, the second house from the corner. Here's Centre street, here's Baxter—" He rose to illustrate the position of the streets. "And here's——your death blow!" he cried. A small, bright blade glistened for an instant in the air, the next moment it was buried in the heart of Bill Cain.

Without a word, without a struggle, he fell back from his seat a corpse.

"Now for the cash," cried the murderer. "This chest must be its place of deposit."

As he started towards the chest, he heard a foot on the stairs.

"Ten thousand furies! won and lost in the one minute," he cried.

Darting swiftly out of the room, he once more crouched himself up by the wall. Amy Sterne passed him. With a bound he cleared the first flight of stairs, and as he did so, his hand struck the balusters, and the poignard fell from him. Without waiting to pick it up, he fled from the house, and in a few moments was safe around the nearest corner.

Amy Sterne, upon leaving Bill Cain, began to think that she had been too hasty with him. She sought to fix upon herself the charge of rashness, but in vain. She felt that she had acted right.

"Nevertheless," she said, "I will go back to him, and beg him to wait, if only till to-morrow.

With this determination she returned.

Entering the room, she saw him stretched on the floor, the life stream from his breast coursing its way about him. With one wild scream she rushed from the apartment.

Her scream brought the other inhabitants of the house to their doors.

"What is the matter?" asked one.

"He is dead, dead!" she cried in terror.

They gathered around her. A boy volunteered to call "police!"

Responsive to the summons, a couple of "guardians" made their appearance.

"What's the matter here?" interrogated one of the officer, elbowing his way through the crowd that had now assembled.

"A murder!" was the answer.

"He is dead, dead, dead! and though he grossly insulted me, I forgive him now," she cried.

The officers made their way to the room. There they saw the victim lying in a pool of his blood.

"He's got it, sure," said one. "Hold on to that gal."

"She done it. She said he insulted her!" observed another.

Amy stood as one stricken dumb. She heard the accusation, but fright took from her the power of speech. She was silent.

The poignard was found on the stairs.

"A nice little lady's dagger," remarked the policeman who picked it up. "You'll swing for this, my belle."

Amy was arrested and taken to the station house amid

the yelling, hooting, and execrations of the crowd, and there locked up to await an investigation of the matter.

A coroner's inquest was held. Among the witnesses were Mrs. Gabbey, and the woman that met Amy on the stoop. The first of these testified that she overheard a loud quarrel between the accused and the deceased, and that the accused, in her hearing, threatened the deceased, and even told him that a day of reckoning would come shortly, when he should answer for something he had done on her, and that he declared that he would, at the end of one week, turn her out of the apartments she occupied. That this occurred exactly one week previous to the day of the murder.

The other woman testified to meeting Amy on her way up, and to her own statement that she was going to see the deceased. Other witnesses were examined, and deposed that they saw her rushing down the stairs from the scene of the tragedy, and first heard from her own lips that he was dead. On this, and similar testimony, the jury rendered a verdict, that "the deceased came to his death by a wound through the heart, made with a dirk, at the hands of (as the jury believe) Amy Sterne."

At the conclusion, she was committed to the City prison to answer the charge of murder.

The real assassin, in the meantime, kept "close from public view." On the day following the inquest, he read the account of it in the newspapers.

"Lucky, lucky! The devil favors his own," he cried. "But by heavens, it was too bad that I missed the money! It was a desperate throw for it, and I ought to have won. However, Fortune has not been unkind to me, since she has another down for the job. This city is not the place for me, and I must leave it; but I have determined to go to Europe, and I must have some means. I must look for another job. There are more men than Bill Cain with piles worth having, and I wont stop till I have succeeded in raking down one. Well, who'd have thought that a weak, whimpering woman like my wife could show such spirit. Bless me, if she aint a perfect tiger when aroused. She threatens to have me arrested for bigamy, and though I have twice tried to appease her, she only protests her intention the stronger. Should she do it, my game would be blocked, and back I'd go to Sing Sing. I wish she was dead. I'd give a trifle to hear of her death. Were she once out of the way, all my fears would be at an end. Ah! Fortune, Fortune, I trust in thee. You've aided me in this last little affair. Help me to get rid of a millstone, my wife."

It is needless to say that the assassin was Ralph Rayton.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

T. C., Coal Valley, Illinois.—"A claims that England, France, or Russia can enter Charleston Harbor and sell to Jeff Davis, provisions, such as beef, &c. B claims that provisions are contraband of war, the same as powder, shot, &c., and are not allowed to be sold to the rebel states. Please decide."……B is correct; provisions are contraband of war, the same as guns, ammunition, etc. Vessels cannot enter any of the blockaded ports, unless they escape the notice of the blockading squadron.

F., Hannibal Station.—You are mistaken, the base of the blue field in the American Flag rests on a white stripe, and not on a red one. The stripes are alternate red and white, the tops and bottom being of the former color, of which there are seven, and six of white. The field of blue, with the requisite number of stars on, covers seven stripes, four red and three white.

JAMES, New Haven, Conn.—For the purposes named, Colt's six chambered, breech loading rifles are the best. The cost of them now, is $50, but before the great demand for them for war purposes, they were sold for $25 A. W. Spies & Co. 187 Broadway, can furnish you at the former price, but you will have to take your turn.

N. E. W.—1. Low goes out first, except when Jack is turned up as the trump card. 2. Lieutenant General is an office created by act of Congress expressly for General Scott. 3. Billy is about 40, we judge.

P. REED, Hartford.—Being a constant reader, we refer you to a treatise published in the CLIPPER between one and two years ago. If you have not kept your papers, we refer you to Hoyle's Games, in which you will find an excellent article on the subject.

ADELPHI, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Owing to the fact of your document arriving only at the "eleventh hour," and to the super-abundance of matter already in type, we were reluctantly compelled to omit it this week. We are none the less obliged to you, however.

J. R. WOOTEN, Baltimore.—Freeman, the American Giant, was six feet ten and a half inches in height, and his weight was about two hundred and fifty pounds.

D. M., New York.—In "The Lady of Lyons" Pauline is the first of the principal characters, Claude Melnotte the second; and Beauseant, third.

M. S. M.—The President of the club has the power to see that the laws are duly enforced.

BOWERY.—Johnny Lazarus is still in the city. Harry is with the Regiment at Alexandria.

T. J., Albany.—The Park Theatre, in this city, was twice burnt down, viz: in 1820, and in 1848.

CARNEY.—Lord Eglinton's Flying Dutchman won the Derby in 1849, and in 1850 the race was won by Lord Zetland's Voltigeur.

A AND B, Boston.—At All Fours, in cutting for deal, the lowest card deals, and the ace is considered the lowest.

S. N. B., Providence.—1 Forwarded on the 1st inst. 2. Yes. 3 Send it along. 4. "All up."

B. D., Virginia, Cal.—Flora Temple's quickest one mile time is 2:19¾.

ED. J., N. Y.—We are sorry, but space would not admit of it.

YOUNG SPORT, Philad'a.—Send us your address immediately.

E. R. K.—We know of no teacher in Brooklyn.

"SMITHY" AND THE BIG SHIP.—The Great Eastern is never out of trouble, and rumor says she had to "cut it" from 'tother side before the stipulated day of sailing, to avoid certain financial difficulties. She has come and gone without the public notice, and were it not for a friend in the case, we shouldn't have thought of her ourselves. Last time she paid us a visit, a grand excursion was gotten up, about which, at the time, there was lots of howling and growling. Now, it turns out, after charging so extortionately to others, they themselves forgot to settle *their* little bills. Deputy Sheriff Smith had a writ against the "big thing" for the supply of bread on the Cape May splurge, and was Captain for three days and nights, or until the "spons" for the "dough" were forked over. He speaks highly of the treatment received aboard, and hereby returns his thanks for the same. Hereafter all privates must doff their hats to Capt. Smith, of the Great Eastern. Savy?

BETTER STILL.—The 75th Regiment (Irish Rifles) has been merged into the 69th (Connaught Rangers). Phil Doherty stands a good chance of being captain of Co A, while Stub Wilson has been promoted to a Corporal. The fun of the joke is that Wilson was born in Philadelphia, and how an American can be a Connaught Ranger, is something we can't get the hang of. Hurrah for the little Corporal of the Connaught men! "Clear the way, ye omadhauns of Jeff Davis, or we'll have yer hides for cur dhrum heads!" D'ye mind?

PROMINENT FRENCH BILLIARD PLAYERS.—The gentlemen who form the army under the billiard banner of France, are, in Paris—Messrs M. Berger, Sen., Eugene, Remain, Charles, Nicolas, Loret, Constant, Paul, Lucien, Desire, Raymond, and Barthelemy. The provincial players are Messrs. Berger, Jr., brother of M. Berger, of Metz; Jeantet, of Dijon; Jericho, of Gerors; Riviere, of Beaucaire. Rechaume, of Marseilles; Chapron, of Angouleme; Bellot, of Maus; and Louis, of Rouen. Bully for them.

"THE ZOUAVE DRILL," a manual of arms for the use of the rifled musket, etc., by the late Col. Elmo E. Ellsworth, has been published by F. A. Brady, 28 Ann Street. The same publisher has issued the "Soldiers' Companion," for the use of all officers, volunteers, and militia in the service of the United States, in the camp, field, or on the march.

SOME TROUT.—Three gentlemen, in the vicinity of the White Mountains, one day, recently, caught 260 lbs of brook trout. So it said.

A RACE ON THE HUDSON.

ON Sunday evening, 26th ult., an impromptu race occurred between the "South America" and the "Wm. F. Russell," two crack boats on the run. "Types" was returning from an up-river visit, and when opposite Rhinebeck, discovering lights in the background indicative of a chase, he piped out to the Captain: "Charlie, the South America is right at our stern, and looks as if she wanted a brush!" "The devil she is!" said Anderson. "If that's the case, I don't mind if I do. Here, Cully, we must have more steam, for it'll never do to have the 'William F.' passed while I've got a say!" The order was obeyed, and off they started, to the great delight of the fast boys who had been keeping up Sunday like christians. Without a ripple on the water, and nothing to interfere with their course, the two "scooters" flew along side by side for a mile or two, but the "Russell" stealthily passed her bows, and then putting on the full, left the "America" a couple of lengths behind. Here, "Types" could hold out no longer, he threw down his side-arms, reversed five-foot-ten, and walked on his hands like a tumbler in the circus. Charlie Anderson was delighted, and yelled out: "Go it, Santa Anna, and I'll ho'd yer walking-stick!" "This beats every thing I ever saw," put in the engineer, "and if I have to spout my thimble, you've all got to take a smile with me." While the pet lambs were thus amusing themselves, the "Russell" was found to be right alongside of Hyde Park, where they had to land and take up passengers. This didn't take a great while, but it took long enough to enable the "South" to get her nose up to the "William F.'s" stern, and then another exciting scene transpired, by the former's trying to foul the latter so as to give her the go-by. It wouldn't do, though, for Charlie Anderson's too smart a bird to be caught, and safely clearing the dock, away he shot ahead once more. Captain Mellon, of the "South," either was too excited or wouldn't stop, for he neglected to make the landing, and gave chase to the other boat like wildfire. Charley thought they'd been laying back up to the present time, so as to make a desperate struggle on the homestretch. Here the reputed editor of the *Staats Zeitung* (Johnny Carland, of the Eldorado will tell you who we mean) burst out with:—

The "South" she was a gay deceiver,
But the "Russell's" boys would not believe her,
Then away, away, away for old Poughkeepsie!

And the others joined in the chorus. It was no use; the "South," though beating most all the craft on the river, got her match this time, and the boys taunted her with, "Throw over a line, and we'll take you in tow!" "You wanted a race, did you; we'll give you all the racing you want, and more too!" Having got a decided lead, the jolly trumps stamped for the bar to celebrate the victory. Songs were sung, toasts were drank, and the two Andersons—Robert, of Fort Sumter, and Charlie, of the "William F,"—came in for a big share. The "Devil on Two Sticks," on Cap Charlie's whistling Garry Owen, struck up a double shuffle *a la* Velarde, and mirth and jollity were the leading spirits till the end of the race, at Poughkeepsie; this is the point where the "South America" had to cove in as dead beat. The race was from Rhinebeck to Poughkeepsie, sixteen miles, and, while it lasted, created lots of excitement on the respective boats. In witness whereof we hereby append the annexed list of names, as a Committee of Veracity to what "Types" communicated to us:—Jim Dayton, George Boniface, Jim Collyer, George Tobin, Cap. Smith, Rube Kelly, Jim Cullen, Bill Thomas, Fred Boniface, and George Cox, x his mark.

WANT TO DRAW THEM ON.—Business being rather at a low ebb on the turf now a days, and money being rather "skurce" with the "knowing ones" who "do" the trotting matches in this vicinity, some of the "putters up of jobs" have been endeavoring to get up a big thing by trying to induce Com. Vanderbilt, the steamboat man, and Robert Bonner, the newspaper calculator—who own fast teams—to enter into a match to test the question as to which team is the fastest; but the two big guns "couldn't see it," and refused to be made a party to any swindling operations. Below will be seen what Bonner has to say upon the subject, in reply to the following article in one of the papers:—

'There is a great deal of rivalry existing here between Commodore Vanderbilt, the steamship man, and Mr. Bonner, *The Ledger* man, as to who shall own the fastest pair of horses. They are both successful men—Vanderbilt has always taken the lead in the steamship business, and as everybody knows, *The Ledger* has never been equaled in circulation by any paper in this country; but, from what we hear, they are both very likely to be out-generalled by a number of horse-sharpers, who expect to make something out of them. These sharpers, aided by two or three outsiders, who are envious of both the great teams, have been trying to induce Bonner and Vanderbilt to match their horses; but Bonner, although his horses have made the fastest time together, will not match. He is opposed to racing, and, we understand, says he would rather shoot his horses than allow them to engage in a race. Still, other people say that he is so sure of beating Vanderbilt that he may make an exception, and let his horses trot once—the proceeds to go to some charitable purpose.'

"All we have to say concerning the above is simply this: Let the temptation come in what form it may, no horse belonging to us will ever be allowed to trot in a race of any kind, for charitable or any other purposes; consequently there is no danger of our being 'out generalled' by anybody in that respect; and we think that the distinguished career of our esteemed friend, Commodore Vanderbilt, is a sufficient guaranty that no one will be able to 'use' him to carry out their schemes. We have, it is true, a good pair of horses; but we keep them for our own private driving; and if they ever start in a race, we will agree—notwithstanding they are the most valuable pair in the country—to make a present of them to the first man who asks for them. We hope this statement will satisfy all parties interested in the matter, and induce a few busybodies to mind their own business."

What will the shysters do now, poor things? They hoped, by getting up a big match, to make up for their many losses resulting from recent speculations of various kinds. We don't want any bogus sport. Give us the legitimate, or none at all. Men whose duty it is to guard the public against fraud and deception are the very ones now foremost in giving aid and comfort to the enemy of honest sport. Let the people beware of these gentry. Have a watchful eye upon all sensation events of a supposed character, and do not countenance them where there is the least shadow of suspicion.

SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.—The war has not deprived us quite altogether of sporting devotees, for the New York State Sportsmen's Club are making preparations for their annual summer convention, which will be held at Utica, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 18th and 19th of June, 1861.

All members of clubs, and gentlemen interested in the objects of this organization, which mainly consist in securing proper legislative protection of the game and fish of our State during their breeding seasons, and preventing their wanton destruction, and for the purpose of giving prizes to those excelling in the use of the gun and rod, are cordially invited to attend. All organized clubs are requested to send five delegates, and all counties wishing their interests protected, two delegates, who will have the right of voting on all subjects brought before the convention. The beneficent effects which have followed the passage of the law of 1860, recommended by this club at its meeting at Geneva, have shown the need of such legal action. At this meeting amendments to the law will be presented for the action of the club. Prizes will be given for the best rifle shooting, for the best pigeon trap shooting, and for the best throwing of the fly. The following are the officers of the New York State Club:—Chas. H. Haswell, of New York, President; C. W. Hutchinson, of Utica, and Henry Hunter, of Rochester, Vice Presidents; Chas. E. Whitehead, of New York, and Geo. Dawson, of Albany, Secretaries.

The following is the programme prepared for the approaching meeting:—The convention will meet at the Rooms of the New York Central Club at Utica, in the Tibbitts Block, on Tuesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

THE RIFLE MATCH will take place on Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock. Distance, 20 rods, off-hand, without telescopes or rests. Competitors will be allowed a string of five shots.

THE PIGEON SHOOTING will take place on Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at single birds, 21 yds. rise. Shot limited to 1¼ oz. All ties in the matches must be shot off.

THROWING THE FLY.—The competition for this prize will take place on Wednesday, at such hours as the committee shall decide.

THE ANNUAL DINNER will be given on Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, when prizes will be declared, and Chas. E. Whitehead, Esq., of New York (author of "Camp Life on the Everglades") will deliver the annual address. After the adjournment of the convention, a trip is contemplated to the North Woods, the best fishing ground of the State, for trout, black bass, and pike, which can be reached by a few hours ride from the city of Utica.

THE AMATEUR BILLIARD TOURNAMENT, now in progress at Phelan's Billiard Palace on Broadway, still continues to enlist the attention of skilled amateurs, although, from the nature of the times, the public are not quite so much interested as they otherwise would be. The highest runs at the various games included in the tournament, are as follows:—Four ball 114. Around the table 128. Three ball French 20. Carom Pool 898.

STOCK FOR CAVALRY REGIMENTS.—It has been estimated that there are five millions horses in the United States.

THE SHIP OF STATE.—Shall the Ship of State (using a figure of speech) be rifted and rent by the surging waves of treason and revolt—torn up plank by plank; fired, scuttled, sunk and destroyed in the maelstrom of traitorism? Never. A Republic whose origin dates "Freedom from usurpation," and whose succeeding history reads the story of a happy asylum for all "kindreds, tongues, peoples and nations," can never be destroyed. No modern Nero can ever hold sway over America. No "thirty tyrants," nay, nor one tyrant, can ever wield power thirty minutes over a free and enlightened people. And, when treason, on a less or greater scale, is attempted, it then becomes an imperative duty to crush it. No false notion of humanity should spare the leaders of rebellion. The Creator, himself, gave specific directions to his people to execute summary punishment on the rebellious. Even angels of mercy were commissioned to execute justice; and, on more than one occasion, fire descended from heaven and consumed the foe. Had the America rs taken the perfidious Arnold after his attempt to barter away his country, would not his despicable life have paid the forfeit? And will the nefarious traitors of the Southern rebellion be spared should they fall into the hands of the Federal government? They have entered upon an unholy crusade with a full knowledge of its penalty, and, should such apostates get anything less than a *good inch rope*, they, themselves, will be sadly disappointed. In the meantime the SHIP OF STATE resembles the Great Eastern in a hurricane; an occasional roll now and then, with a few slight damages to the tackling, and anon a smash of furniture, or a fractured limb—but, the roar of the elements, nor the hurricane's fury can intimidate or destroy.

BETTING ON THE DERBY.—By the latest advices from England, we learn that at the meeting at Tattersall's, on the 16th ult., but few were present, and but little business was done. At first 4 to 1 was offered on the field, and after Dundee had been backed for £100 at at that price (£200 to £55 being also taken about him), symptoms of hostility were manifested, and 9 to 2 was currently offered. These were, however, speedily dispelled by an offer to take 5,000 to 1,000 about him, and also from the same source to back him against anything for a thousand; whereupon 4 to 1 again became the highest bid, and Diophantus receded to 9 to 2 After 1,400 to 200 had been laid against Rouge Dragon, not more than 6 to 1 was obtainable. Klarikoff was backed for £100 at 8 to 1, and some support was awarded to Dictator and Kettledrum at the odds quoted. We append the state of speculation at closing:—Dundee, M. Dawson, 4 to 1—taken; Diophantus, Jos. Dawson, 9 to 2—off; Rouge Dragon, Manning, 6 to 1—off; Kildonan, Kellow, 100 to 8—taken; Klarikoff, J. Scott, 8 to 1—taken; Dictator, Fobert, 12 to 1—taken; Kettledrum, Oates, 25 to 1—taken; King of Kent, Godding, 33 to 1—taken; Imaus, Jos. Dawson, 100 to 6—off; Robin Hood, J. Scott, 50 to 1—taken; Bombardier, C. Westlake, 1000 to 15—off.

MAJOR TURNER, of the First Regiment of New York Volunteers, now in town with despatches to General Dix, wishes us to state that his time is so occupied that he is, for the present, unable to correspond with persons with whom he promised to do so, both in this country and in England, from whence he recently returned to enter into his country's service.

DEATH OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.—Hon. Stephen A. Douglas is numbered with the silent dead. He departed this life at Chicago, at 9 o'clock, A. M., Monday, June 3d, after a protracted illness. The nation will mourn his loss.

CHESS IN BROOKLYN.—One of the coziest places to enjoy a quiet game of chess at this period of the season is at Labon's Shades in Fulton Avenue. Young Labon besides being a "bully" cricketer, and a champion quoit player, can give a strong chess player considerable trouble to out manœuvre him in chess strategy.

SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS
AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

RIFLEMEN! RIFLEMEN!—TO SHARP SHOOTERS IN THE LOYAL STATES—GENTLEMEN:—Many of you are undoubtedly aware that an effort is making to get up a regiment to be composed entirely of first class rifle shots at long distances, and that in consequence of my having myself done something in this way of rifle shooting, suggestions have been made in the public press that I should aid in this effort. I am moreover, receiving almost daily, applications by letter and in person to the same effect, and I see so clearly the importance of the object in view, that I do not feel at liberty to refrain from doing what I can to further it. With this view, I propose that all such gentlemen that have made themselves good shots at long distances, who are willing to place their skill in this way at the service of our country in this, her great struggle, should send their names to me, with an affidavit showing the best shooting they have done at 200 yards or more. As soon as the necessary arrangements are made for the equipment, etc., notice will be given to all those whose applications are approved. No application will be considered in which the average of ten consecutive shots extends five inches from the center of the target to the centre of the ball at 200 yards. The prodigious efficiency of detachments of such sharpshooters, armed with our Northern Patent Target Rifles need only to be alluded to to be recognized at once by all who have any knowledge of the subject. Need I add one word to enforce the duty of our amateur target shots to make their peculiar skill useful to our country at this time of trial? That skill, the offspring of a manly Northern sport, can be converted into a powerful military instrument so readily, I feel confident the subject need only to be suggested to insure its being fully and promptly attended to.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, H. BERDAN.
Fifth Avenue Hotel, New-York, May 30, 1861.

SOLDIERS, TALL AND SHORT.—Height seems to be regarded by many as the standard of efficiency among our troops. As the various companies march through the streets, the tall men are singled out for admiral on, and the company that can boast the greatest number of such tall specimens of humanity is ranked the highest. Undoubtedly the ranks of tall men make the most imposing show, but it is not so clear that they make the best soldiers. Short men are likely to be quite as brave and as good shots as tall ones; they are more agile in their movements, and stand the fatigues of a march much better. Julius Cæsar chose short-legged men for long marches, and the French troops, among the best in the world, are mostly under-sized. We remember a sturdy little fellow who went through the Mexican war with great credit to himself, telling us of a big six footer, who, before they met the enemy, was all brag and bluster, and bullied our little friend with a rough hand. "He'll give the Mexicans Jesse," said his admiring comrades. But when they went into action, the big fellow began to tremble and falter, and when our informant, to avenge the insults he had received at his hands, drew his ramrod across his face with no gentle hand, the bully could only cry:—"*Oh, don't!*" and whimper like a baby. In this instance, at least, the little man proved the better fighter.

WHAT HE THINKS.—Gen. Houston is alive, and all alive for the Union. He made a speech lately, wherein he showed his colors When asked by one of the traitors in the crowd if he ever said that Jeff Davis was a perfidious traitor, aiming at dictatorial powers, he replied—"I did say so, and, in the presence of God, I think so; and I will say what I think though the thunders blast me here." Good for Old (Sam) Jacinto.

SECESSION DIET.—

They gave us hog and biscuit,
And coffee made of peas,
But upon the last named,
There's nary bit of grease;
At night the creeping insect
Insinuates his bill,
And keeps your arms a moving,
Like Heenan's in a mill.

REPUDIATION REPUDIATED.—A good story is current in Wall street, New York, resting on the authority of a passenger who returned by the Persia. The Commissioners of the Southern Confederacy had an interview with a partner of the principal American banking house in London on the contemplated loan. After hearing all they had to say on the matter, he quietly asked, "What States do you represent?" The seven were enumerated. "Well, gentlemen," said he, "when you are prepared to pay the honest debts already incurred, and repudiated by Florida, Mississippi and Arkansas, you may have my assistance in incurring new obligations.

A BRAVE WOMAN.—We learn that in Nashville, Tenn., while secession banners wave from every other building, both public and private, one heroic lady (Mrs. McEwen) has placed the National Flag on her house and says she will shoot whoever attempts to tear down the glorious old Stripes and Stars. Let her name be engraved on the hearts of all loyal Americans!

COL. ELLSWORTH'S MOTHER.—When that lady was informed at Mechanicsville of the death of her son and the attendant circumstances, she immediately exclaimed, "I wish I was a man, I'd go immediately and avenge his death."

A POPULAR CURE.—The savans of France are just becoming aware of the fact that getting drunk is a capital cure for snake bite. It is to be hoped that it will not become very generally known here, else "snake bites" will be a more prevalent ailment than small pox, cholera, or consumption.

SMALL BUT PLUCKY.—An early chum of Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, in speaking of him the other day, said he was the only boy in school that he couldn't whip. He was the smallest of the lot, but he had a spirit that never would succumb, whatever the odds against him. He has lost none of his early fire.

COULDN'T DO IT.—"Dress up, there, dress up!" shouted a drill sergeant to a squad of likely-looking recruits, in the Park. "Couldn't do it, sir!" returned one of the boys; "our uniforms ain't furnished yet!"

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 45-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 45-tf

THE FALSTAFF.—ISEY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand.

FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair. 36-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-5t

QUOITERS ATTENTION!—Lovers of this game will be sure to find some good play and good players, among whom is Mr. George Dunning, champion of the world, at the QUOIT SHADES, No 273 Spring street, where all the accompaniments of a good time may also be found. 4 tf

A GREAT PRIZE FIGHT.
THE ARMY BOYS IN THE RING.
FULL REPORT.

Among the pastimes recently instituted by Taylor's Zouaves, at Camp Elmira, N. Y., is that of the P. R. With a license to amuse themselves in their own manner, the troops determined not to remain idle, so accordingly they arranged a match between two of the most scientific hitters in the U. S. A. The match was hastily made up for the entertainment of the Light Guard, and was witnessed by an intensely interested, but unterrified assembly. We append the report:—As soon as the stakes were driven, and the ropes stretched, the forward pressure upon the ring was of the most crushing description, and before either of the combatants appeared, or were even announced, except by their "fancy" titles, bets were freely "booked" in the crowd against their respective merits.

Cooley, the "Spider," and Graham, the "Game Chicken," were the men entered for the championship. The "Spider" was the first to shy his castor into the ring, and quickly followed it himself, looking as amiable and seductive as though he had been invited to a small tea party, and was just about sitting down to refreshments. He was attended by D. A. Sharp, *alias* the "Bould Soger," who had trained him for the match. The "Chicken" then flew over the ropes, followed by C. C. Buckley, *alias* "Dublin Tricks," his second. The "Chicken" has a very keen eye and a sharp beak and there was a "game" look about him, which at once excited the confidence of his backers.

The ring enclosed a fine piece of turf, and as the sun had set, there was apparently no advantage to be gained by a toss for corners. A camp stool was placed inside of the ropes, for the accommodation of reporters for sporting papers, and the usual preliminaries were soon settled.

Choice of corners was won by "Soger," who very nicely placed his man with his back to the Guard House, which had the effect to throw his antagonist in the direction of the Hospital. At this unmistakable *coup*, the "Chicken's" backers were much depressed.

Mr. James Clark, of the Light Guard, was chosen referee; and Sergeant Green, who has a Chatham-street pinchbeck, was elected time-keeper. The men then stripped and shook hands, looking extremely well. The "Soger" announced that his man would have shown better condition if there had been more beans in his soup, and less soup in his beans. This remark was received with shouts of derision by the friends of the "Chicken," and bets were freely offered in his favor.

At the call of time, both were promptly to the scratch, fully determined on mischief.

Round 1. After considerable sparring, the "Spider" led off with his right, which was neatly stopped by "Chicken," who quickly returned on the frontispiece of his fatigue cap, and then got away laughing.

2. Both men advanced confidently, neither showing any mark of punishment. "Chicken" let out his right dexter, catching "Spider" below the belt, which his second declared a foul proceeding. An appeal was made to the referee, who, however, ordered the men to fight on.

3. Both showed signs of fatigue, which "Dublin Tricks" attributed to apoplectic rations. "Spider" danced cautiously around his antagonist, and after one or two feints, again caught him on the frontispiece, and sent it spinning into the corner like "peas upon a trencher"; The "Chicken" rallied, and delivered a sharp one, two within an inch of "Spider's" nob, who went down to avoid further punishment.

4. Both came up at the call of time, the "Chicken" having bellows to mend, and the "Spider" having his left peeper clothed in mourning—the effect of a daub of blacking, furnished by the ladies of Rochester, and slyly applied by the Sharp "Soger." Wild sparring on both sides, neither having the advantage. The men closed, and after a desperate struggle, fell, the "Spider" very appropriately under the "Chicken."

5. Both men came up groggy, the "Chicken" scarcely able to stand at the scratch. Cries of "Take him away," "He can't fight," etc. The "game fellow" was determined to show his breeding, and let out frantically for the "Spider's" ivory-box, which was out of distance. The "Spider" advanced, and engraved his opponent's countenance with a hit that was as good as a miss. A close, short struggle, the "Chicken" getting "Spider" in chancery, but letting him slip away before he could administer punishment.

6th and last. "Spider" was assisted to the scratch by his seconds. Both of his eyes were full of blacking, and his hair and countenance were streaming with pepper-sauce and army soup (which was freely used by the seconds of both men throughout the contest). The "Chicken" was also brought forward, but was unable to leave the grass. At this juncture, the cry of "Police!" was raised by the friends of the "Chicken;" but the referee, unlike the editor of *Bell's Life*, in the International Match, stood his ground. Time was called, but the "Chicken" was evidently a dead cock in the pit, and the sponge was thrown up by his second in token of defeat. The "Spider" was hailed champion amid thunders of applause, and gaily leaped over the ropes, and ran to his quarters, while the "Chicken" was carried to his bunk on a camp stool in a delightful state of insensibility.

A TURN UP AT ALLENTOWN, PA.—John Boyle and Rodger McFadden, of Allentown, Pa., to settle a difference of opinion existing between them, met on the morning of the 20th ult., in the roped arena, and fought eight rounds, in which there was some severe fighting and ruby sprinkling, to the delight of about one hundred spectators, who, "in the cause of humanity," interfered and stopped the fight. The battle was declared a draw.

PEDESTRIANISM.

PEDESTRIAN SWEEPSTAKES.—FRANK QUEEN.—As I have been earnestly requested to take part in the Pedestrian Sweepstakes advertised in the CLIPPER, I take this opportunity to say that I have enlisted in defence of my country, and my time is now devoted to the service in which I have embarked. At any other time I should have been very happy to contend for the liberal purses offered, but under present circumstances I respectfully decline to enter This notice will also apprise my friends at home and abroad that I am now with the Union Rangers, at Camp Arthur, Quarantine, Staten Island, where letters will reach me. JOHN GRINDELL,
Champion of America.

THE PEDESTRIAN SWEEPSTAKES.—Philadelphia, May 29, '61.—FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir*—I did not see the race advertised until I read it in this week's CLIPPER. I will be on the Fashion Course on the 10th of June with my money. Tell Mr. Cochran I will be there without fail, as I intend to run for the ten, five, and one mile races.
YOUNG SPORT.

PEDESTRIANISM IN PROSPECT AT POUGHKEEPSIE.—The ubiquitous Mickey Free is announced to run a race on Doty's Park, against James Rensley. We were under the impress on that Mickey had gone for a "soger." How is it, Mickey, won't your running proclivities allow you to run in that direction?

A ONE MILE FOOT RACE.—A race at this distance came off at Fayetteville, N. H., on the 26th ult., for a gold watch valued at forty-five dollars. Fifteen entered for the prize, each man paying an equal share, $3, for the privilege. At 2 o'clock P. M. they bounded off at a good gait, keeping pretty close together for half the distance, when some began to give out and drop in the rear. Gradually the string of laggers behind lengthened, the chance to win being left to but two or three, among them Michael Shea, a youth of seventeen summers, who struggled gamely on, and finally won by about twelve feet.

CHALLENGE TO JOHN GRINDELL.—Mr. Evans is prepared to match a man whose weight does not exceed 120 lbs., and who is not an Indian, against the celebrated pedestrian, John Grindell, to run a race of ten or twelve miles, for any sum, from $500 to $1000 a side; the day of the race to be named by Grindell himself. The Editor of the CLIPPER to be stakeholder, and the match, which is to be "play or pay," to be made on or before Saturday, the 8th inst.

P. S.—Just after receiving the above challenge on Monday 3d inst., John Grindell called upon us, and on giving him the particulars, he stated that it is impossible for him to accept it, as he is now connected with the 25th Regiment, Col. Kerrigan, New York volunteers, and that he cannot leave his post for any such business. He thinks it strange that after waiting three or four years for a competitor, that now he is indissolubly bound to the service of his country, some one should suddenly be found to challenge him, and for an amount, and with conditions, but for his being so bound, he would eagerly jump at. If John should return from the service he is now on, sound in wind and limb, he states that he shall then be very willing to accept the challenge.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

SAM HURST AND JEM MACE, £200 A SIDE AND THE BELT.—The day for the Championship event between Mace and Hurst drawing near, as well as the money being down, with the exception of the final deposit of £35 a side, which was to be deposited on May 30th, caused some stir in pugilistic circles. Notwithstanding the positive declarations on the part of both men, there is a doubtful feeling displayed by speculators of the intention of both the combatants entering the ring to fulfil their contract to the utmost. Hurst will do his best to get into condition, his having Jem Hodgkiss for his trainer being positive proof; while Mace, although starring, has never yet lost sight of his preparation.

SLASHING FIGHT

Between Jack Fox and G. M'Nulty, for £20.

The match between these lads, belonging to the Birmingham school of boxers, to fight at 8st 8lb, for £10 a side, was fixed, according to articles, to take place on May 13, near Birmingham, and, in accordance with the same, they went to scale at the place appointed, and both were found to be just within the weight—if there could be any difference, Fox had the advantage by a few ounces. Neither man had left the hardware village to train, but had the needful attention paid them at the "hostelries" from which they were backed, viz., Fox from Morris Robert's, the Leopard Inn, Dale-end, and McNulty from Ben Hitchin's, the Railway Tavern, Manchester street. Both men have before appeared in the ring, but for small sums. Jack Fox, who is 23 years of age, stands 5 feet 6¼ inches in height, and on this occasion weighed 8st 7¼lb, has appeared in the magic square twice, the first time being with Tom Bowers for £10 a side, whom he defeated in sixty rounds, one hour and fifty-two minutes, on the Kentish Marshes, on the 3d of May, 1859. His second appearance was with Morris Phelan, £10 a side, by whom he was defeated in the present year, after a short but sharp battle of 28 minutes. George McNulty is 22 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high, and weighed, as near as possible, 8st 7¼lb, has appeared but once in the ring, with Parkinson, whom he defeated, after having twice met for the money, £10 a side, 38 rounds, 46 minutes., Parkinson losing by a foul blow, August 31, 1857. An early hour in the morning was fixed for the point of departure, at which time a numerous assemblage of the Birmingham Fancy met, and started for the appointed spot. The men, with good judgment, were picked up on the road, at different stations. Notwithstanding all the care and caution put into force on leaving the train, two or three of the local constabulary were seen waiting, and stated their determination to put a stop to the day's performance, if possible; and, notwithstanding kind words, with kinder treatment, they still remained obdurate. No alternative remained but a move further on, which, after a number of growls, both loud and deep, was adopted, a fixture about eight miles being the spot chosen. All kinds of traps were put into requisition, from the *fly* to the "one hos shay," and even to the moke; and, as those who "padded the hoof" neared their destination, their forces, before arriving at the ring side, must have numbered above 500. No time was wasted in getting the ring in shape for "battle," but a delay took place in consequence of McNulty's boots being behind, and then for Mac's own appearance. At length, when he did appear, he lost no time in throwing his cap into the ring, quickly followed by his opponent, both being loudly cheered by their partizans. Jack Fox was waited upon by Joe Wareham and J. Tooke, and McNulty by Ben Terry and Toddy Middleton. On tossing for choice of corners, Ben Terry cried "Right" for Mac, but it was thought he did not choose the best corner. During the toilets of the men, betting commenced at 6 to 4 on Fox, and before they commenced operations 7 to 4 went begging. Even now there was another delay, neither man being prepared with water; but at length, all the preliminaries being completed, the umpires, referee, and time keepers being at their posts, the men stood up at 12:56 for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the lads stood up, there was a great disparity in size, Fox looking much the bigger as well as the stronger man. M'Nulty, in our idea, although he drew 8st 8¾ lb, did not look his weight. Very little sparring took place, as Mac was very anxious to begin, and Fox looked serious but determined. M'Nulty led off with the left on the mark—a "staggerer." Fox in the return was short. Mac, still eager, tried to force the fighting, but Fox shifting, got out of distance, and, on Mac trying again, Fox got down.

2. On time being called, both came up eager for business, when Mac rushed to Fox, who caught him a stinger with the left on the point of the snout and kisser, which sent him to grass amidst shouts of *first knock down*, which was allowed, and eventually the claim for first blood, which was indisputable.

3. On time being called, Mac came up with the ruby flowing freely; notwithstanding which he tried to force the fighting, which led to counters, Fox getting on the forehead, and receiving on the ribs heavily. Mac, who would not be denied, rushed to a close, in which Fox proved himself the stronger by screwing Mac down.

4. Mac came up eagerly, but still dropping the *Chateaux Margau* from the proboscis. Fox without a mark. No time was lost in sparring, as Mac again forced the fighting, but got a hot 'un on the beak for his pains, delivering a good one on the breadbasket. This forced some good counters, in which Fox was on first, getting on the eye twice, receiving on the "Darbey" and right cheek, which opened a slight wound, drawing the claret. This made Fox vicious, when he sent out a round right-hander, which landed on the side of Mac's canister, and again sent him to grass.

5. Both came up to time, Mac showing the marks of Fox's handiwork, as his snuffer tray was weeping and his eyes blinking, Fox only dripping a slight tinge of the ruby from under the right eye. Very little sparring took place, as M'Nulty would not be denied; but when he rushed in he caught pepper for his pains, as Fox got twice on the beak and eye, receiving on the ribs and jaw. Fox again on the nose. Mac out of distance, two light ones on the mouth and cheek. This led to a close, in which deliveries right and left were exchanged, Mac getting a hot 'un on Fox's neck, and receiving on the forehead and jaw. In the struggle for the fall Fox was the strongest, and was uppermost.

6. On time being called, Mac, who was evidently wild, came up first, but had his left eye in mourning, his beak dropping ruby tears, while Fox had only a slight abrasion on the left cheek. They sparred for a little while, when Mac rushed in and delivered his left on the ribs, receiving a "straight un" on the snout. Three counters took place in the same style, Fox getting on the right ogle twice, receiving on the body, and when Mac rushed to a close Fox got down cleverly.

7. Sharp time was called. Fox up first, began proceedings by leading off with the left on the sore snout, and jumped away. On trying again Mac ducked, by which he he avoided a well "intended 'un." Fox then got close, and landed the left on the sniffer and breadbasket, Mac getting on the eye and ribs, the latter a warm one. Fox then ducked, but was caught by Mac *a la* Heenan, but, after a small tussle, Fox managed to get down.

8. When time was called, Mac, who came up first, showed with his eye discolored, his snorter out of shape, &c., while Fox, although showing symptoms of fatigue, was almost scatheless. Very little sparring took place, as Mac tried to force the fighting, and went over to Fox's corner, only to again receive on the old spot, when he delivered on the ribs. This led to good exchanges on the ribs and head, when Fox slipped down on his knees, and Mac hit him, not being able to stop a vicious right-hander. A claim of foul was made, but not allowed.

9. M'Nulty, who was first up, went to Fox's corner and forced the fighting, but was again met by a straight left-hander on the snout, which steadied him; but, nevertheless, he succeeded in getting his right on the neck, and again on the ribs a burster. This forced some very hard counters on the head and ribs, when Fox slipped down.

10. Mac, who was the first up, appeared with both eyes in mourning, again forced the fighting, getting on the ribs with the right, but not heavily, as Fox shot out his left on the right lamp, which stopped any danger from Mac's delivery. Good exchanges took place, after which they broke away, and renewed the round. Fox, after a little sparring, took the initiative by leading off with the left on the kisser, receiving on the ribs. Mac, who would not be denied, rushed to close quarters and tried his right, but Fox, shifty, ducked, and got out of distance cleverly. Mac again rushed to close quarters and forced a rally, in which he fought Fox down.

11. The punishment was the same as in the last round, and the tactics on both sides similar, as Mac would force the fighting, but received on the ribs from Fox's right. This forced some counters, in which Fox was again on the snorter, drawing the claret, which made Mac wild, and, on his rushing to a close, Fox got down cleverly.

12. On time being called, Mac came up with both eyes in mourning, and the claret distilling from the right lamp and snorter Fox was only showing damage on the right ogle. Mac, as soon as they met, commenced operations, but could only give as good as he took, receiving on the nose and forehead, and only getting on the body, but the one was a warm 'un. A little more sparring, when Mac again rushed to close quarters, but, after good counters, he was sent to grass by a right-hander on the throat.

13. Fox came up first, but quickly followed by Mac, who forced the fighting, and some good exchanges in favor of Fox, who, when M'Nulty tried to close, went down cleverly.

14. Both came up eagerly, and no time was lost in getting to close quarters, when counters took place. Fox getting on the front of the head, and receiving on the ribs; they then closed, and, after a severe struggle, they fell side by side.

15. Mac, who came up spiteful, was showing his eyes in mourning, his snout swelling, &c., but still forced the fighting in Fox's corner, who got on twice with the left on the jaw and ogle, and closing, threw Mac a fair back fall, in which his head rebounded from the ground.

16. Notwithstanding all the punishment Mac had received, he still forced the boxing by going to Fox's corner, when good exchanges again took place, in Fox's favor, but who again slipped down.

17. This round was precisely similar to the previous one, as counters took place, Fox getting on the nose and blinker; Mac on the ribs. On closing, Fox got down on his hands and knees.

18, 19 20. These rounds were precisely similar to the previous ones, as Mac always got on the ribs, and Fox on the frontispiece, which were always delivered with good will, but Fox always down.

21. Another good round, in which give and take was the order of the day but all in favor of Fox, who, on getting to close quarters, again went down.

22. This was a very short round, as Mac, who forced the boxing, got on the ribs, but received on the eye, when he closed. Fox cleverly got down.

23 and 24.—These rounds were contended the same as the previous, with the exception of Fox falling off a little weak. There were exchanges in the usual style, Fox on the head and Mac on the ribs with the left, as well as a tight 'un on the jaw, when Fox got down.

25 and last.—On time being called, Mac came up first, and tried to force the fighting, which Fox perceiving, he led off, but was short. Mac then rushed to a close and caught Fox under his arm *a la Heenan*; after which they struggled for the fall, and fell side by side M'Nulty, who had they hold, when the were both down, refused to loose when ordered by the referee; which mandate was reiterated twice, and the referee properly decided that M'Nulty had lost the fight, according to the 28th of the new rules. Time, 31 minutes.

REMARKS.

When the time of the contest is taken into consideration, and the number of rounds fought, there can be but one opinion, that a better mill for the time has seldom been seen; and, although there were a few claims, they were, for the most part, in Fox's favor.

GAME AND SLASHING MILL

Between David Blount and Bowey Taylor, for £20.

The meeting between David Blount and Bowey Taylor, at 8st each, for £10 a side, took place on May 14, on a convenient spot in the neighborhood of Stafford and Wolverhampton, and an early hour in the morning having been arranged for the start, the event, for once, came off without any interference from the mawworms. The men had to weigh the day before fighting at Bob Brettle's, and so close was Blount, that he only just drew the balance, notwithstanding sweats and baths in the morning. Both men have been in the ring before, and Bowey Taylor has achieved several victories. The following is the summary:—David Blount, who is twenty six years of age, stands 5ft 4in, and, on this occasion, weighed 8st. First fought R. Buxton, £10 a side, whom he defeated in 2h 10 min, 112 rounds, October 23, 1854, at Smethwick; beat Donnelly, £10 a side, 98 rounds, March 30, 1858, near Birmingham. He was, on this occasion, backed from R. Brettle's, and had for his seconds, Badger Crutchley and Joe Wareham. Bowey Taylor is thirty-two years of age, stands 5ft 2in high, and, on this occasion, weighed 7st 12½ lbs. First fought and beat Gardener, £10 a side, 1h 20 min, Hodge-hill, near Castle Bromwich, July 30, 1849; beat H. Webb, £10 a side, 2h, Nine Fields, Birmingham, Jan. 21, 1850; beat Toddy Baker, £10 a side, 47 rounds, 1h hour 40 min, Long Reach, April 2, 1850; beat John Taylor £5 a side, 25 rounds, 40 min, Water Orton, April 7, 1851; beat M'Crane, £20 a side, 46 rounds, 1h, Water Orton, August 5, 1851; beat H. Wilson, £20 a side, 82 rounds, 1h 30 min, Water Orton, Nov. 4, 1851; beaten by Morris Roberts, £25 a side, 112 rounds, 2hs 15 min, Newton-le-Willows, Oct. 12 1852, and had for his seconds Tom Lane and J. Holden, of Walsall. On arriving at the seat of war no time was lost in preparation, &c., as the ring was pitched and the referee chosen with the utmost expedition. Bowey Taylor first threw in his cap, but was quickly followed by Blount, for whom Wareham won the toss for corners. Their toilets having been completed, they stood up at 9.37 A. M. for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. There was a great disparity in the appearance of the combatant lads as they stood facing each other, Blount standing much over his antagonist, and looking the biggest man we ever saw at 8st; while Bowey Taylor was, if anything, small at his weight. They sparred cautiously for an opening, both feinting and getting back. On getting within distance they countered with the left, Bowey getting on the forehead and receiving on the chest, after which they broke away, but soon renewed hostilities by standing foot to foot and countering heavily on the chest and beak. Blount landed a right-hander on the side of Bowey's canister; after this they delivered some very effective right and left exchanges, at the conclusion of which Bowey nearly slipped down, when the men were carried to their corners.

2. Time was no sooner called than operations were commenced by each dashing out their left dukes, Blount getting well on the neck, and Taylor on the cheek. They then gave some rattling right and left exchanges, in which Jack was as good as his master, and the round was finished by Blount going to grass from a slip, which was accelerated by a right-hander from Taylor on the side of the nut.

3. No flinching on either side, as they commenced fighting immediately they faced each other, by administering some very heavy exchanges on the head, neck, and breadbasket, each in turn being hit away. They then closed, and after a severe tussle both were down.

4. Bowey, as he came up, showed several red marks and lumps on his neck and chest, while Blount's phisog was flushed, and with bumps that would puzzle a phrenologist. They then countered heavily, Bowey on the forehead, Blount on the chest and neck; Bowey then on the jaw, receiving on the nose. They then parted, but soon getting together again rattled away with both hands, until they closed in Blount's corner, and after another severe tussle, Bowey was under in the fall.

5 Both came up blowing, the pace at which they had been performing having told its tale, notwithstanding which they went at it hammer and tongs, and countered with the left, Bowey getting well on the right cheek, Blount on the throat, Bowey again on the forehead, and Blount on the jaw. The force of these blows made both men stagger, but renewing the fighting, they again countered on the chest and shoulder, and on Bowey rushing to close quarters, Blount slipped down.

6 Blount's left eye was in mourning, and Bowey had his jaw swelled. Nevertheless they did not flinch, but countered with the left severely four or five times, when they got close, and delivered several right and left exchanges until their blows had no more power behind them, when they closed, and Blount got down.

7. Both were eager, and at once opened the ball by shooting a couple of left-handers, which landed on the front of the head. Bowey then broke away, but soon returned to close quarters, when he got on a stinger with the left on Blount's left eye, nearly knocking him off his legs. This rilled Blount, and he rushed to close quarters, and counters took place in Blount's favor, who forced the in-fighting, and got the left and right on the jaw and forehead, and fell from the force of his own blow. The right-hander on the forehead left a deep cut, from which the ruby flowed in profusion.

8. Bowey came up eagerly, but the claret that was trickling from the cut administered in the previous round, showed the severity of the hit; Blount's eye getting more discolored, and with a few lumps showing prominently on his knowledge box. They soon came to close quarters and countered with the left on the kissing trap on both sides, each being knocked back, but as neither would be denied, they soon got within distance, and exchanged with the right. Blount getting on the neck heavily, Taylor on the side of the nut, a staggerer. Blount, who would not be stalled off, again forced the fighting, got his left on the mouth, and the right on the forehead heavily, which sent Bowey to grass, a regular floorer.

9 Both men came up to time, eager for the fray, and began the round by standing foot to foot, and giving hit for hit with both hands, until they fell exhausted side by side.

10. Taylor came up to the call of time, but with his dial pleasingly embellished from Blount's handiwork. Blount had both his eyes in mourning; they countered heavily. Blount getting on the Darby Kelly and head, when he ducked to avoid, but was caught by Bowey *a la* Heenan, who, however, was thrown, Blount being the stronger man.

11 They again stood facing each other, and countered with the left, Bowey getting on the mouth, receiving on the beak. They then stood foot to foot in the middle of the ring and exchanged right and left, until Bowey slipped down on one knee.

12 They commenced the round by rushing to close quarters, when they countered heavily, and right and left were given with right good will until Bowey slipped down upon one knee, in which position Blount hit him, but the hit had been sent before Bowey slipped. A claim was made but not allowed.

13. Both came up very tired, but still they fought very fast, and some good counters took place, Blount getting on the forehead a "hot 'un." Some good left-handed counters ensued, when Taylor slipped down on his knees.

14. Both came up fatigued and piping, but they still fought as if the battle had only began. Determined counters took place, Blount getting on the belly, Taylor on the jaw. The same style was carried out for three more hot counters, when Bowey got down. Time, 28 minutes.

15 Good counters in favor of Blount, who got twice on the jaw heavily, the latter from the right sending Bowey to grass.

16 This was a most determined round, as they again stood and countered several times severely, Blount getting on the mouth, ogle, and jaw; receiving on the forehead and jaw. They then closed, and Blount was under in the fall.

17 Blount came up, his beak weeping ruby drops profusely. Bowey with his frontispiece in anything but ship shape, as to use a bye stander's words, "Blount had been all over him." Another ding dong meeting, in which Blount was the strongest, and forced Bowey down in his corner.

18 This round was precisely the same as the previous one, each getting home with the left, Blount on the chest, Bowey on the eye; they got close, and a scramble ensued. Bowey got down.

19. Blount at this time began to fall a little weak, but still would force the fighting by landing his left on the jaw—a little one. Bowey in return got his left on the snout and the right on the jaw, and went down suspiciously.

20 Blount, who was first up, planted his left on Bowey's left cheek, and rushed to a close, but was met by a right hander on the jaw from Taylor, which sent him to grass like a shot, amidst the cries of his (Bowey's) party, of "It's all over."

21. Blount came up staggering like a drunken man, and did all he could to hit Bowey, but without avail, as he was hit down with the greatest ease, but Bowey fell with him.

22 The great attention paid by Blount's seconds just enabled him to leave his corner, but he was very weak. Bowey tried all he knew to settle the battle at this time by getting his right and left on the beak and left ogle twice. Blount, who landed light ones on the kisser and knowledge box, got down weak.

23. Blount still very weak, but determined to struggle on, got a couple of "little 'uns" on the jaw and left ogle, receiving on the snout, and, after a short struggle, both were down.

24 Blount came up eagerly, to the astonishment of all, but his right hand was so swelled that he could hardly shut it. Some very good counters took place, and a sharp rally to the ropes, where both were down.

25 There was no flinching on either side, and some good counters took place in favor of Blount, who had nearly recovered from the knock down, as he got on the old cut twice opening the gap wider each time, Bowey got on the neck. They then stood and gave hit for hit until Blount fell from weakness.

26 Blount, to the surprise of his opponent, came up with alacrity; Bowey, also equally eager, took the initiative by sending his left manley straight to the head, which Blount stopped cleverly. They then stood and fought manfully for some time, when they closed, and Blount threw Bowey, but the latter rolled over Blount.

27. As the men came up it was apparent to all that a change had taken place, as Blount was much recovered, and Taylor was fast getting tired. On getting within distance they both countered with the left, which sent each back; Blount rushed in and got his right on Taylor's left temple, a stunner, which made him reel and eventually slip down.

28. Tremendous hitting on both sides with the left, and, when they closed, both were busy with the right at the body. After a struggle Taylor threw Blount a pretty cross buttock, and fell on him heavily.

29 Blount had again recovered, while Taylor was gradually getting weaker. They got close, when hot counters were administered on both sides with telling effect, each blow drawing the Chateau Margaux in profusion. Blount got on the tater trap twice, and the right on the jaw; Bowey on the neck and left lamp. On Blount trying to close Taylor slipped down on one knee.

30 Blount was much the stronger man, but had his left ogle nearly closed, his kisser out of shape, and several beauty spots on the forehead. Taylor was punished fearfully about the left temple, neck, right jaw, and body. Blount forced the fighting, when some very good counters took place, and Blount slipped down after receiving a little one on the damaged peeper.

31 They countered each other the minute they met, and on Blount going to close quarters Taylor went down.

32 Blount came up very strong and determined, looking anything but a beauty. Taylor was equally desperate, and had also taken his grual most kindly, but was very weak. They lost no time, as the counters were delivered with as good will as ever, and they fought until they both fell from the force of their blows. The seconds of Taylor finding he was getting weaker, humanely threw up the sponge in token of his defeat, after fighting one of the best battles ever witnessed, which lasted 45 minutes.

REMARKS.

The present mill, although for a small amount, has, like many others, turned out better than most for a larger amount, and should have been witnessed to be appreciated. Everything went off with the greatest order and quietness, the decision of the referee being obeyed with alacrity, &c. Too much praise cannot be given to the seconds of Blount for their attention and care when he was so nearly out of time, nor must the attendants of the Badger Crutchley and Joe Wareham. Bowey Taylor is thirty-two years of age, stands 5ft 2in high, and, on this occasion, weighed 7st 12½ lbs. First fought and beat Gardener, £10 a side, 1h 20 min, Hodge-hill, near Castle Bromwich, July 30, 1849; beat H. Webb, £10 a side, 2h, Nine Fields, Birmingham, Jan. 21, 1850; beat Toddy Baker, £10 a side, 47 rounds, 1h hour 40 min, Long Reach, April 2, 1850; beat John Taylor £5 a side, 25 rounds, 40 min, Water Orton, April 7, 1851; beat M'Crane, £20 a side, 46 rounds, 1h, Water Orton, August 5, 1851; beat H. Wilson, £20 a side, 82 rounds, 1h 30 min, Water Orton, Nov. 4, 1851; beaten by Morris Roberts, £25 a side, 112 rounds, 2hs 15 min, Newton-le-Willows, Oct. 12 1852, and had for his seconds Tom Lane and J. Holden, of Walsall. On arriving at the seat of war no time was lost in preparation, &c., as the ring was pitched and the referee chosen with the utmost expedition. Bowey Taylor first threw in his cap, but was quickly followed by Blount, for whom Wareham won the toss for corners. Their toilets having been completed, they stood up at 9.37 A. M. for

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11 They again stood facing each other, and countered with the left, Bowey getting on the mouth, receiving on the beak. They then stood foot to foot in the middle of the ring and exchanged right and left, until Bowey slipped down on one knee.

12 They commenced the round by rushing to close quarters, when they countered heavily, and right and left were given with right good will until Bowey slipped down upon one knee, in which position Blount hit him, but the hit had been sent before Bowey slipped. A claim was made but not allowed.

13. Both came up very tired, but still they fought very fast, and some good counters took place, Blount getting on the forehead a "hot 'un." Some good left-handed counters ensued, when Taylor slipped down on his knees.

14. Both came up fatigued and piping, but they still fought as if the battle had only began. Determined counters took place, Blount getting on the belly, Taylor on the jaw. The same style was carried out for three more hot counters, when Bowey got down. Time, 28 minutes.

15 Good counters in favor of Blount, who got twice on the jaw heavily, the latter from the right sending Bowey to grass.

16 This was a most determined round, as they again stood and countered several times severely, Blount getting on the mouth, ogle, and jaw; receiving on the forehead and jaw. They then closed, and Blount was under in the fall.

17 Blount came up, his beak weeping ruby drops profusely. Bowey with his frontispiece in anything but ship shape, as to use a bye stander's words, "Blount had been all over him." Another ding dong meeting, in which Blount was the strongest, and forced Bowey down in his corner.

18 This round was precisely the same as the previous one, each getting home with the left, Blount on the chest, Bowey on the eye; they got close, and a scramble ensued. Bowey got down.

19. Blount at this time began to fall a little weak, but still would force the fighting by landing his left on the jaw—a little one. Bowey in return got his left on the snout and the right on the jaw, and went down suspiciously.

20 Blount, who was first up, planted his left on Bowey's left cheek, and rushed to a close, but was met by a right hander on the jaw from Taylor, which sent him to grass like a shot, amidst the cries of his (Bowey's) party, of "It's all over."

21. Blount came up staggering like a drunken man, and did all he could to hit Bowey, but without avail, as he was hit down with the greatest ease, but Bowey fell with him.

22 The great attention paid by Blount's seconds just enabled him to leave his corner, but he was very weak. Bowey tried all he knew to settle the battle at this time by getting his right and left on the beak and left ogle twice. Blount, who landed light ones on the kisser and knowledge box, got down weak.

23. Blount still very weak, but determined to struggle on, got a couple of "little 'uns" on the jaw and left ogle, receiving on the snout, and, after a short struggle, both were down.

24 Blount came up eagerly, to the astonishment of all, but his right hand was so swelled that he could hardly shut it. Some very good counters took place, and a sharp rally to the ropes, where both were down.

25 There was no flinching on either side, and some good counters took place in favor of Blount, who had nearly recovered from the knock down, as he got on the old cut twice opening the gap wider each time, Bowey got on the neck. They then stood and gave hit for hit until Blount fell from weakness.

26 Blount, to the surprise of his opponent, came up with alacrity; Bowey, also equally eager, took the initiative by sending his left manley straight to the head, which Blount stopped cleverly. They then stood and fought manfully for some time, when they closed, and Blount threw Bowey, but the latter rolled over Blount.

27. As the men came up it was apparent to all that a change had taken place, as Blount was much recovered, and Taylor was fast getting tired. On getting within distance they both countered with the left, which sent each back; Blount rushed in and got his right on Taylor's left temple, a stunner, which made him reel and eventually slip down.

28. Tremendous hitting on both sides with the left, and, when they closed, both were busy with the right at the body. After a struggle Taylor threw Blount a pretty cross buttock, and fell on him heavily.

29 Blount had again recovered, while Taylor was gradually getting weaker. They got close, when hot counters were administered on both sides with telling effect, each blow drawing the Chateau Margaux in profusion. Blount got on the tater trap twice, and the right on the jaw; Bowey on the neck and left lamp. On Blount trying to close Taylor slipped down on one knee.

30 Blount was much the stronger man, but had his left ogle nearly closed, his kisser out of shape, and several beauty spots on the forehead. Taylor was punished fearfully about the left temple, neck, right jaw, and body. Blount forced the fighting, when some very good counters took place, and Blount slipped down after receiving a little one on the damaged peeper.

31 They countered each other the minute they met, and on Blount going to close quarters Taylor went down.

32 Blount came up very strong and determined, looking anything but a beauty. Taylor was equally desperate, and had also taken his grual most kindly, but was very weak. They lost no time, as the counters were delivered with as good will as ever, and they fought until they both fell from the force of their blows. The seconds of Taylor finding he was getting weaker, humanely threw up the sponge in token of his defeat, after fighting one of the best battles ever witnessed, which lasted 45 minutes.

REMARKS.

The present mill, although for a small amount, has, like many others, turned out better than most for a larger amount, and should have been witnessed to be appreciated. Everything went off with the greatest order and quietness, the decision of the referee being obeyed with alacrity, &c. Too much praise cannot be given to the seconds of Blount for their attention and care when he was so nearly out of time, nor must the attendants of the Badger Crutchley and Joe Wareham. Bowey Taylor has before appeared in the ring, but for small sums. Jack Fox, who is 23 years of age, stands 5 feet 6¼ inches in height, and on this occasion weighed 8st 7¼lb, has appeared in the magic square twice, the first time being with Tom Bowers for £10 a side, whom he defeated in sixty rounds, one hour and fifty-two minutes, on the Kentish Marshes, on the 3d of May, 1859. His second appearance was with Morris Phelan, £10 a side, by whom he was defeated in the present year, after a short but sharp battle of 28 minutes. George McNulty is 22 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high, and weighed, as near as possible, 8st 7¼lb, has appeared but once in the ring, with Parkinson, whom he defeated, after having twice met for the money, £10 a side, 38 rounds, 46 minutes., Parkinson losing by a foul blow, August 31, 1857. An early hour in the morning was fixed for the point of departure, at which time a numerous assemblage of the Birmingham Fancy met, and started for the appointed spot. The men, with good judgment, were picked up on the road, at different stations. Notwithstanding all the care and caution put into force on leaving the train, two or three of the local constabulary were seen waiting, and stated their determination to put a stop to the day's performance, if possible; and, notwithstanding kind words, with kinder treatment, they still remained obdurate. No alternative remained but a move further on, which, after a number of growls, both loud and deep, was adopted, a fixture about eight miles being the spot chosen. All kinds of traps were put into requisition, from the *fly* to the "one hos shay," and even to the moke; and, as those who "padded the hoof" neared their destination, their forces, before arriving at the ring side, must have numbered above 500. No time was wasted in getting the ring in shape for "battle," but a delay took place in consequence of McNulty's boots being behind, and then for Mac's own appearance. At length, when he did appear, he lost no time in throwing his cap into the ring, quickly followed by his opponent, both being loudly cheered by their partizans. Jack Fox was waited upon by Joe Wareham and J. Tooke, and McNulty by Ben Terry and Toddy Middleton. On tossing for choice of corners, Ben Terry cried "Right" for Mac, but it was thought he did not choose the best corner. During the toilets of the men, betting commenced at 6 to 4 on Fox, and before they commenced operations 7 to 4 went begging. Even now there was another delay, neither man being prepared with water; but at length, all the preliminaries being completed, the umpires, referee, and time keepers being at their posts, the men stood up at 12:56 for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the lads stood up, there was a great disparity in size, Fox looking much the bigger as well as the stronger man. M'Nulty, in our idea, although he drew 8st 8¾ lb, did not look his weight. Very little sparring took place, as Mac was very anxious to begin, and Fox looked serious but determined. M'Nulty led off with the left on the mark—a "staggerer." Fox in the return was short. Mac, still eager, tried to force the fighting, but Fox shifting, got out of distance, and, on Mac trying again, Fox got down.

2. On time being called, both came up eager for business, when Mac rushed to Fox, who caught him a stinger with the left on the point of the snout and kisser, which sent him to grass amidst shouts of *first knock down*, which was allowed, and eventually the claim for first blood, which was indisputable.

3. On time being called, Mac came up with the ruby flowing freely; notwithstanding which he tried to force the fighting, which led to counters, Fox getting on the forehead, and receiving on the ribs heavily. Mac, who would not be denied, rushed to a close, in which Fox proved himself the stronger by screwing Mac down.

4. Mac came up eagerly, but still dropping the *Chateaux Margau* from the proboscis. Fox without a mark. No time was lost in sparring, as Mac again forced the fighting, but got a hot 'un on the beak for his pains, delivering a good one on the breadbasket. This forced some good counters, in which Fox was on first, getting on the eye twice, receiving on the "Darbey" and right cheek, which opened a slight wound, drawing the claret. This made Fox vicious, when he sent out a round right-hander, which landed on the side of Mac's canister, and again sent him to grass.

5. Both came up to time, Mac showing the marks of Fox's handiwork, as his snuffer tray was weeping and his eyes blinking, Fox only dripping a slight tinge of the ruby from under the right eye. Very little sparring took place, as M'Nulty would not be denied; but when he rushed in he caught pepper for his pains, as Fox got twice on the beak and eye, receiving on the ribs and jaw. Fox again on the nose. Mac out of distance, two light ones on the mouth and cheek. This led to a close, in which deliveries right and left were exchanged, Mac getting a hot 'un on Fox's neck, and receiving on the forehead and jaw. In the struggle for the fall Fox was the strongest, and was uppermost.

6. On time being called, Mac, who was evidently wild, came up first, but had his left eye in mourning, his beak dropping ruby tears, while Fox had only a slight abrasion on the left cheek. They sparred for a little while, when Mac rushed in and delivered his left on the ribs, receiving a "straight un" on the snout. Three counters took place in the same style, Fox getting on the right ogle twice, receiving on the body, and when Mac rushed to a close Fox got down cleverly.

7. Sharp time was called. Fox up first, began proceedings by leading off with the left on the sore snout, and jumped away. On trying again Mac ducked, by which he he avoided a well "intended 'un." Fox then got close, and landed the left on the sniffer and breadbasket, Mac getting on the eye and ribs, the latter a warm one. Fox then ducked, but was caught by Mac *a la* Heenan, but, after a small tussle, Fox managed to get down.

8. When time was called, Mac, who came up first, showed with his eye discolored, his snorter out of shape, &c., while Fox, although showing symptoms of fatigue, was almost scatheless. Very little sparring took place, as Mac tried to force the fighting, and went over to Fox's corner, only to again receive on the old spot, when he delivered on the ribs. This led to good exchanges on the ribs and head, when Fox slipped down on his knees, and Mac hit him, not being able to stop a vicious right-hander. A claim of foul was made, but not allowed.

9. M'Nulty, who was first up, went to Fox's corner and forced the fighting, but was again met by a straight left-hander on the snout, which steadied him; but, nevertheless, he succeeded in getting his right on the neck, and again on the ribs a burster. This forced some very hard counters on the head and ribs, when Fox slipped down.

10. Mac, who was the first up, appeared with both eyes in mourning, again forced the fighting, getting on the ribs with the right, but not heavily, as Fox shot out his left on the right lamp, which stopped any danger from Mac's delivery. Good exchanges took place, after which they broke away, and renewed the round. Fox, after a little sparring, took the initiative by leading off with the left on the kisser, receiving on the ribs. Mac, who would not be denied, rushed to close quarters and tried his right, but Fox, shifty, ducked, and got out of distance cleverly. Mac again rushed to close quarters and forced a rally, in which he fought Fox down.

11. The punishment was the same as in the last round, and the tactics on both sides similar, as Mac would force the fighting, but received on the ribs from Fox's right. This forced some counters, in which Fox was again on the snorter, drawing the claret, which made Mac wild, and, on his rushing to a close, Fox got down cleverly.

12. On time being called, Mac came up with both eyes in mourning, and the claret distilling from the right lamp and snorter Fox was only showing damage on the right ogle. Mac, as soon as they met, commenced operations, but could only give as good as he took, receiving on the nose and forehead, and only getting on the body, but the one was a warm 'un. A little more sparring, when Mac again rushed to close quarters, but, after good counters, he was sent to grass by a right-hander on the throat.

13. Fox came up first, but quickly followed by Mac, who forced the fighting, and some good exchanges in favor of Fox, who, when M'Nulty tried to close, went down cleverly.

14. Both came up eagerly, and no time was lost in getting to close quarters, when counters took place. Fox getting on the front of the head, and receiving on the ribs; they then closed, and, after a severe struggle, they fell side by side.

15. Mac, who came up spiteful, was showing his eyes in mourning, his snout swelling, &c., but still forced the fighting in Fox's corner, who got on twice with the left on the jaw and ogle, and closing, threw Mac a fair back fall, in which his head rebounded from the ground.

16 Notwithstanding all the punishment Mac had received, he still forced the boxing by going to Fox

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

COL. ELLSWORTH'S LAST LETTER.—The following letter, written to his parents by the above hero in every sense of the term, exhibits in such fullness those great essentials in the character of a true man, affection and love towards parents, and patriotism, that we take pleasure in giving it further publicity, as well as for the sake of having on record the date of his premature and lamentable death, it having been written on the night previous to his departure for the scene of action, when and where he enrolled himself in American history as one of Columbia's truest and noblest sons—

HEAD QUARTERS FIRST ZOUAVES, CAMP LINCOLN:
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23, 1861.

My Dear Father and Mother—The regiment is ordered to move across the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the City of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed a large force has arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of to-morrow, and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept what my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow, will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me.

My darling and ever loved parents, good bye. God bless, protect and care for you. ELMER.

SPORTS IN CALIFORNIA.

MARYSVILLE PARK COURSE SPRING MEETING.

This turf event in the Golden State, commenced on April 22d, under favorable auspices. The weather was fine, the track in good condition, and sportsmen turned out in full force. The race of the day was mile heats, by three year olds, the animals engaged, and result being fully set forth in the annexed summary:—

FIRST DAY.—Marysville Park Course, Monday, April 22d.—Sweep stake for three-year olds; mile heats, to rule; purse $100, with an inside stake of $100 each.

G. W. Carter's f Capitola by Jim Brown, dam by O'Kelly, 3 yrs...1 1
J. W. Merritt's b c Sim Oldham by Imp. Lawyer, dam unk 3 yrs...2 2
S. H. Lower's b f Charlotte Cushman by Belmont, dam by Printer, 2 yrs.....4 3
T. Seaward's b f Kate Seaward by Jim Brown, dam by Medoc, 3 yrs.....3 4

Time, 1:52½; 1:53¾.

On the 23d, trotting was the order of the day, and again a fair attendance was on hand. The contest was between second-class trotters, but prior to the commencement of the race, a communication was sent up to the judges by O. Fuller, to the effect that "French" and "Tornado" were first class trotters; and therefore objected to their going. The judges over-ruled the objection. Fuller then withdrew McDougall, and Tornado was also withdrawn. The choice of track fell as follows: French on the inside, Angeline next, and Lottery on the outside. There was nothing of interest in any of the heats. After passing the score they trailed out in each heat, French in the lead, then Lottery, and then Angeline, making the first mile in 3:20; the second in 3:17½; and the third in 3:00¼; French winning in three straight heats. Summary:—

SECOND DAY.—Marysville Park Course, Tuesday, April 23d.—Purse $100; free for all second class trotting horses.

A. W. Johnson's b g French.....1 1 1
Lee McGowan's b h Lottery.....2 2 2
T. H. Smith's b m Angeline.....3 3 3
O. Fuller's b h McDougall.....dr.
D. F. b g Tornado.....dr.

Time, 3:20; 3:17½; 3:00¼.

Immediately after the above there was a race, single dash of a mile, free for all saddle horses. Purse $10; entrance free; for which gr h Clear Lake, gr m Lady Fashion, b h Shanghai No. 1, and d h Shanghai No. 2. The race was well contested, and was won by Lady Fashion in 2.07¼.

This race not satisfying the owner of Shanghai No. 1, he offered a match of $100, to run an immediate race of a single dash of two miles; which was accepted by Shanghai No. 2. The former won in 4.22, making the first mile in 2.05½, and the second in 2:16¼. This closed the sport of the day.

On the 24th, trotting was on the docket, and notwithstanding the weather was not so favorable, a large attendance was on the course. The first event of the day was a trotting race, 3 in 5, to harness, for a purse of $150; entrance, $5; and for which the following entries were made:—A. W. Johnson's b g French; L. McGowan's b h Lottery; O. Fuller's b h McDougall; T. H. Smith's b m Angeline. In drawing for the track McDougall won the inside, Angeline second, French third, and Lottery on the outside, the latter being driven by Mr. Ignatius Eckert, the gentleman who makes such infernal noises on the track in order to break up his competitor's animal. McDougall lead at the start, but at the turn Lottery went ahead, closely followed by Angeline and French. They kept in that position until swinging into the home stretch, when McDougall took the outside of the track, which was hard and smooth, and succeeded in winning the heat in 3:09¼. On the second heat, McDougall cut his right fore quarter very badly, and was withdrawn. Lottery won the heat in 3:11½; also the third heat in 3:17½, and the fourth in 3:15, and the money. Summary:—

THIRD DAY.—Marysville Trotting Park Course, Wednesday, April 24, 1861.—Trotting race; 3 in 5; purse, $50.

Lee McGowan's b h Lottery.....2 1 1 1
T H Smith's b m Angeline.....1 3 2 2 2
A W Johnson's b g French.....4 3 3 3
O Fuller's b h McDougall.....1 2 dr

Time, 3:09¼; 3:11½, 3:17½; 3:15.

After the above race there was a trotting race to harness; 3 in 5; for Express horses, for a handsome blanket. The following entries were made:—John Murphy's r g Roanoke; John McDaniel's c g Mack; E J. Miller's s g Branigan; J. Campbell's b g Rube. The race was won in two straight heats by Roanoke. Time, 4:00½—4:18.

After the above there was a race for $25, single dash of a mile, free for all saddle horses, for which the following horses were entered:—Mr. McClelland's r m Humming Bird; Mr. Lamb's b g Bay Billy; Mr. Quigley's b g Wildred; Ruband's b g Dick; Ferguson's b g Shanghai. Won by Bay Billy in 2:00.

On the 25th occurred the principal sport of the meeting, the one mile heat running race for a purse of $250 being then contested for, Volcian, Oregon Aleck, and Charlotte Cushman, were the animals entered, but the latter being withdrawn, a fine trial of speed ensued between the other two. In the first heat Aleck got the lead closely followed by Volcian. They kept their respective positions until nearing the home scretch, when it was thought Aleck would win the heat, but Volcian increased her speed, and gradually gained on her leading competitor, and with a grand burst of speed showed in front at the home goal, winning the heat in 1.47½, *the fastest mile to rule ever made in California*. In the second heat, Aleck again seized the lead, but kept it only for a short time, for at the quarter pole Volcian passed him, and from thence gradually opened a wide gap, until as they swung into the home stretch, it was evident that the Oregon horse had given it up for a bad job, his rider checking him up so as barely to save his distance, and Volcian won the heat in 1.51¼ according to the summary appended:—

FOURTH DAY.—Marysville Park Course, Thursday, April 25th. Running Race; mile heats, for a purse of $250.

J. A. Merritt's s g. Volcian.....1 1
O. D. Burtnett's b g Oregon Aleck.....2 2
S. H. Lower's b f Charlotte Cushman.....dr.

Time, 1.47½; 1.51¼.

After the above race, there was a saddle-horse race, for a purse of $20, single dash of a mile, for which the following horses entered: B. g. Baby, d. g. Shanghai No. 2, b g Spanking Jack, s h. Kirby, b. h. Woodpecker. Won by Shanghai Second, in 1:58.

On the 26th, the great two mile race was run, and the following entries were made; purse $450; two mile heats: G. W. Carter's b h. Bassora, 4 years old, by Gold Hunter, dam by Bertram; colors, red and blue; J. W. Bryan's b. m. Blink Bonny, by imported Lawyer, dam by Medoc, three years old; colors, blue and green; J. A. Merritt's c. h. Dashaway, by Belmont, dam by Red Bill, 4 years old; colors, blue and black. There were about one thousand persons at the track. The day fine, and the attendance better than on any of the previous days. Won by Dashaway in two straight heats. Time, 8.51¼; 4:23¼. Blink Bonny distanced on first heat.

A TROT, for $1000, between J. M. Daniel's b. g. Powder, and Col Rube's ch. g. Seward, was on the docket, to take place on the Pioneer Course, San Francisco, on April 27th. Powder is all the go now, and we shouldn't wonder if he won, the Secretary of State to the contrary notwithstanding.

A TEN MILE TROT came off in Yolo County, at Knight's Landing Course, on April 20th, for a purse of $100. The day was fine, and the attendance large to witness it. The race and purse were won by Fanny, the horse being withdrawn after the seventh mile. The mare trotted slowly the balance of the ten miles, making the total time forty minutes. Best mile, 3.36. Summary:—

KNIGHT'S LANDING COURSE, Saturday, April 20th, 1861.—Match for $100; ten miles, to harness.

C. T. Hickok's b m Fanny.....1
J. Underhill's b h Bob.....2

Time, 40 min.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER TWELVE.

FRANCIS COURTNEY WEMYSS.

BORN in Finch Lane, Cornhill, London, May 13th, 1797. He was originally intended for a surgeon, and for that purpose was placed at the Edinburgh High School, where he remained for nearly three years, at the end of which time he entered a large manufactory in Dundee.

His first appearance on any stage was at a private theatre in his native place. He soon after joined the company at the Montrose theatre, Scotland, where in 1814 he made his first appearance as Young Norval, and made a signal failure; but having made up his mind to adopt the stage as a profession, he continued on studying hard, and finally succeeded in securing an engagement at the Glasgow theatre; making his first appearance two months later, as Selim, in "Barbarossa;" this was in the early part of 1815. From Glasgow he went to Westmoreland, and made his first appearance as Tangent, in "The Way to get Married." His success was so great that he was offered an engagement in the Canterbury Company, by Douten, the manager. From Canterbury he went to Lincoln, where he remained until 1819; his next move was to Bristol, and Exeter, in '20 he was manager of the Plymouth Dock Theatre.

His first appearance on the London stage took place April 2, '21 at the Adelphi, as Sponge, in "Where shall I Dine." He was then engaged by Mr. Miller, the London agent for the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. He sailed from England, September 22, 1822, and arrived safely in New York, November 16. He immediately left for Philadelphia, and for the following description of him, as he appeared on the street, we are indebted to "Durang's History of the Philadelphia Stage."

"A green Bond street promenading coat, rounded at the skirts; red waistcoat, with pocket flaps and bell buttons; salmon-colored stockinet pantaloons, fitting to the skin; cossack polished boots; lace ruffles at the breast, and similar wrist ruffles; and a Bob Logic hat. But nothing like an excessive vulgar display of jewelry appeared in his dress, which so characterizes the present toilette. The appearance of Mr. W., attracted the gaze of the promenaders at the corner of Third and Chestnut streets. He appeared the *fac simile* of the Bond street Man of Fashion—the Corinthian Tom (of which he was afterwards the original in Philadelphia.)

His first appearance on the American stage, was December 11th, 1822, at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, as Vapid, in "The Dramatist." The house was very poor, and his reception was not very flattering. First appeared in New York, Sept. 20, 1824, at the old Chatham Theatre as Marplot, in "The Busy Body." In June, 1827, he was acting and stage manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and soon after crossed the Atlantic to engage a company for that theatre. He soon returned with some of the best artists that ever graced the boards of any theatre in this country. On the 1st of January, 1829, became lessee of the Chestnut Street Theatre, in conjunction with L. Pratt, which proved a very disastrous season. In 1833 he was manager of the new Pittsburgh theatre, which opened September 24, with an address, by Mr. W. In 1834 he returned to Philadelphia, and became manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, where he remained for six years. In 1840 he was lessee of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, after which he went to New York, and became stage manager of the National Theatre; shortly after this he travelled throughout the States with Miss Mahon—now Mrs. Duffield, on a starring tour, and was highly successful.

He was Author, Actor and Manager. In 1852 he wrote a Chronology of the American stage, and candor compels us to say that a more unreliable book we never met with—it is nothing but errors from beginning to end. He was one of the prime movers in establishing the Dramatic Fund Association, of which he was Secretary for a long time. In 1852, was in the Box Office of the Bowery Theatre, New York.

On the 5th of January 1859, he died at his residence, No. 15 Crosby street, New York, of Pneumonia. He returned to his house the evening previous, in his usual robust health, complaining only of a slight cold; during the night he was attacked with an acute pain, and after suffering for four hours, died at four o'clock in the morning.

His last "Act" for the drama was on the occasion of the Mount Vernon testimonial in New York, just prior to his death, where he officiated as stage manager.

Mr. W., was a gay, dashing, and spirited actor, with all the attributes of a polished and gentlemanly deportment of what may be called the drawing-room light comedian style of the old English comedy.

During the season of 1825-6, Moreton's drama of "Columbus" was produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. To those who are not acquainted with this play, it may not be irrelevant for me to state that in the cast of the piece, the part of Henry Herbert, an English adventurer, who embarks with Columbus in his search after the New World, was given to Mr. Wemyss, who, in the language of the author, has to mention the name of English man or England, once or twice during his performance. To his repeating "what was set down for him," it is natural enough to suppose that none would be displeased, much less offended; but to the astonishment of all, on the evening of its production, and while he was delivering a passage of his part, a youth in the theatre who was famed for a certain goose-like quality, whose national prejudices were alarmed, or who wished to indulge in an exhibition of his sibilant powers, raised a hiss, which was echoed by another as silly as himself, till at length confusion usurped the throne of order, and its co-mates, noise and discord, rent the air with tumult.

Mr. Wemyss came forward and made a speech of some length, and was followed by Mr. Wm. B. Wood [the manager] in an address twice as long. Mutual recrimination was the substance of a wordy war that commenced between them, and it was sometime before an end was put to this 'keen encounter of their wits."

"What," methinks I hear some one enquiring, "was the offensive passage?"

Very treasonable, inquisitive friend, I assure you. Enough to arouse the most lethargic American. Mark. "Will you, dear sir, when you write to England, say, 'Herbert stuck to his commander to the last, and died as an Englishman should.'" Heaven bless the "five wits" of those who could detect anything offensive in these lines. It was Mr. Wood's orders before the play commenced to omit the *offensive* passage. Mr. Wemyss was very wrong in noticing the disturbance. He should have treated the disapprobation with the contempt the littleness of it deserved, confident that no person of a liberal and enlightened mind would have deemed the passage worthy a thought; or he should at least "have borne it with a patient shrug;" for "sufferance is the badge" of his profession.

England and America are friends; nay, brothers; and perish the man, say I, that would embitter their affections. Even I, as much as I love mirth, and as lightly as I pass my volatile hours, should prize no fame, no achievment, so dearly as being the human instrument of furthering the friendship between the two countries, and standing, as it were, a comma, 'tween their amities. May the two lands have but one heart, and nothing but the billows of the Atlantic divide England and America!

MRS. MAEDER.

Maiden name, Clara Fisher. The fourth daughter of Geo. Frederick Fisher, a respectable auctioneer, and was born in England on the 14th of July, 1811. Nature endowed her with an uncommon share of intellect, and such was her nicety of ear to music in which she took great delight, that soon after she could walk she would learn any air with the utmost correctness, after hearing it played only once or twice on the piano forte. When Miss. O'Neil appeared as Jane Shaw, Mr. Fisher and family were induced to visit the theatre, and little Clara, on her return home, evinced the impression made on her mind by the performance; she retired into a corner of the apartment and went through, in dumb show, all she had witnessed; she was then under four years of age.

Mr. D. Corl, the celebrated composer, proposed to bring out a drama altered from Garrick's Lilliput; to Miss Clara was assigned the character of Lord Flimnap, and on the 10th of Dec., 1817, she made her first appearance before a London audience, where she met with the most flattering reception. On the 8th of March, 1818, she appeared in the pantomime of Gulliver, at Covent Garden, in the character of Richard the Third.

Her first appearance on the American stage took place Sept. 11, 1827, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Albina Mandeville, in the comedy of the "Will." Made her *debut* in Boston, Nov. 19 1827, as Albina; made her *debut* in Philadelphia, Oct., 1827, at the Chestnut street Theatre, as Albina Mandeville.

Our readers cannot but recollect the well-merited encomiums bestowed on this charming and interesting child in the daily prints during her first engagement in this city. Enchained by surprise and admiration, the lash fell from the hand of criticism, and all unanimously bestowed the meed of well-earned praise.

Retired from the stage, and is now teaching elocution in New York.

Her singing was dashing, almost impudent in its style, but so bravely executed that admiration was the only emotion which it produced. Her Crack, in "The Turnpike Gate," was a clever and amusing piece of acting.

MADAME MALIBRAN.

Born in Paris March 24, 1808. Her maiden-name was Maria Felicia Garcia, and a pupil of Velutti.

When Signorina Garcia first appeared, she was as yet a mere girl; but from the first moment of her appearance she showed evident talents for it, both as a singer and actress. Her extreme youth, her pleasing voice, and sprightly, easy action as Rosina, in the "Barbiere di Sevigha," in which part she made her *debut*, gained her general favor; but she was too highly extolled, and injudiciously put forward as a prima donna, when she was only a very prominent *debutante*. She used, when quite a child, to perform little parts in the dramatic trifles, that it was then the fashion to get up in private parties; and among these she sometimes played the statue of Pygmalion. She stood statue-like on a pedestal, while another person, representing Pygmalion, seemed to work at his art.

When 15 years of age she appeared at the Italian Opera House, London. In 1825 she came to the United States, and made her *debut* Nov. 29th, as Rosina, at the Park Theatre, New York. She came in company with her father, who brought an Italian Opera Company with him, Garcia being the prima donna. Her success was unbounded. While in New York she married a French merchant named Malibran, more than double her own age, but who was supposed to be rich. Disappointed in her expectations, she deserted him and returned to France, Nov. 1, 1827. Having succeeded in getting a divorce from Malibran in Jan., 1832 she was again united in marriage, March, 1836, to M. De Beriot, the celebrated violinist; but she did not live long with her new husband—a fall from a horse, a few months after her marriage, led to her death, which took place at the Mosley Arms Hotel, Manchester, England, Sept. 23, 1836.

For twelve nights performance at Drury-lane Theatre, London, she received £1,000; the receipts being £5,690 10s. 0d.

Made her first appearance on the American stage Oct. 29, 1827, at the Bowery Theatre, New York. Her salary was $600 per night. A thousand recollections crowded upon the memory as she went through the performances of the evening, and many of those who came there in the giddy pursuit of pleasure tasted only of sadness. In Rosina we first welcomed to our shores one who was so often to draw from us the tear of pity, or "with some sweet oblivion's antidote, cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous load which weighs upon the heart." In Rosina, too, we took leave of her. No one saw her without remembering that in her comic train, mirth, laughter and frolic have ever been accompanied by innocence, and controlled by a pure and refined taste. Her genius has united simplicity with courtly manners, and given dignity to those of the humble cottager. She taught us that tragedy to be most affecting must be most natural, and that to appear to the greatest advantage on the stage is to appear precisely as she would off of it.

[Next week, Jullien, the great composer.]

THE GAME OF CHESS.

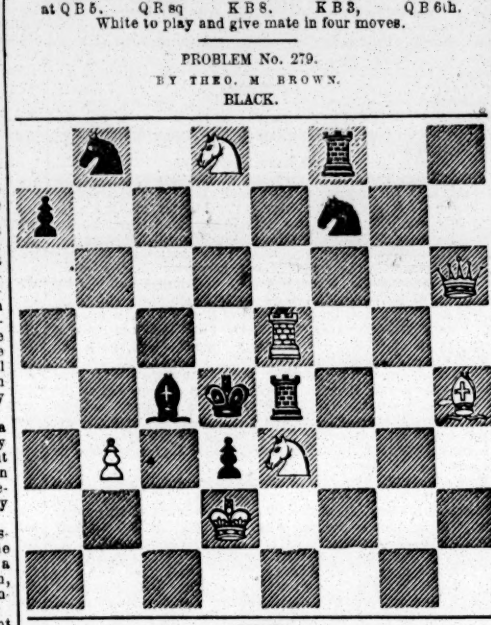
ENIGMA No. 279.
From the Era.
BY FRANCIS HEALEY, ESQ

at QR 3, KR 4, Q 4, KB 5, QB 2, QR 4th.

at QB 5, QR sq, KB 8, KB 3, QB 6th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 279.
BY THEO. M. BROWN.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in two moves.

GAME NO. 279.

A spirited skirmish between our contributor F. Eugene Brenzinger and Mr. Leopold Mark.

KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

Attack, Mr. Brenzinger.	Defence, Mr. Mark.	Attack, Mr. Brenzinger.	Defence, Mr. Mark.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	9..Q Kt to B 3	P to Q B 3
2..P-K B 4	K P×P	10..P-Q 5	P-K B 3
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	11..K Kt-K 6	Q B×Kt
4..K B-B 4	K B-Kt 2	12..Q P×B	K B-home
5..P-Q 4	P-Q 3	13..Q-her 2	K Kt-home
6..P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	14..Castles, Q R	P-Q 4
7..K Kt-his 5	K Kt-R 3	15..K P×P	Q-her B 4
8..Q B×P	Q-K 2	16..P×P, and Mr. Mark resigns.	

Short and sharp affair in the Manchester (Eng.) Tourney between Messrs. Pindar and Kipping.—*Ill. Lond. News.*

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Mr. Pindar.	Mr. Kipping.	Mr. Pindar.	Mr. Kipping.
1..P to Q B 4	P to K 4	11..Q to her Kt 3	Castles (*b*)
2..P-K 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..Q Kt-his 5	Q Kt-B 3 (*c*)
3..P-Q 4	K P×P	13..K Kt×Kt	Kt P×Kt
4..K P×P	P-Q 4	14..Kt×R P+	K-Q 2
5..K Kt-B 3	Q B-K 3	15..Castles	B-K Kt 2
6..P-Q B 5	P-K Kt 3	16..Kt×B 2d P (*d*)	K×Q Kt
7..K B-Kt 5	Q B-Q 2	17..Q-R 4+	K-Kt 2
8..Q Kt-B 3	Q Kt-K 2 (*a*)	18..P-B 6+	K-Kt 3
9..K B×B+	Q×K B	19..Q B-Q 2 and Mr. Kipping resigns.	
10..K Kt-K 5	Q-K B 4		

(*a*) Already the Defence is in a bad way. His men, for the most part, are huddled up out of play, while those of his opponent are free to range where they list.

(*b*) A deplorable resource; but it is not easy to see what he could have done that is less compromising.

(*c*) If P to Q R 3d, the Attack wins, at least, the exchange.

(*d*) Well played!

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALONZO BROOKS, Buffalo, N. Y.—Right welcome. Do not force us to apply the words of the poet to ourselves, to wit:—

"Other days come back to me,
Like recollected music,
Though the tone is changed—and solemn,
Like the cloudy groan
Of distant thunder dying on the wind."

Correspond—correspond! Be kind enough to forward another copy of the rule, as we think you mean changed instead of *not* changed, in the last sentence.

H. F. B., Newark, N. J.—Your problem, dedicated to beginners, appears this week. Although not intricate, it is practical, and may, therefore, be studied with advantage by our young players. Try again.

O. T. S.—We will.

W. S. WRIGHT, New York.—Please "Go in," and either *win*, or be *won*! O. T. S. remarks that you have "a choice of two ways to jump, and might have last week gone through a series embracing four or five moves."

GAME No. 8.—VOL. IX.
From the American Draught Player.
CROSS.—BY S. BROOKS.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11 to 15		23 to 19		13..15 to 22		24 to 20	
2.. 8	11	27	23	14..22	26	23	18
3.. 4	8	23	19	15..14	23	27	18
4.. 9	14	18	9	16..26	31	17	14
5.. 5	14	22	17	17..10	17	21	5
6..15	18	26	22	18.. 6	10	18	15
7..11	15	17	13	19..10	19	5	1
8.. 7	11	22	17	20..19	23	1	6
9.. 2	7	31	27	21..31	26(1)	6	2
10.. 1	6	30	26	22.. 7	10	2	7
11.. 5	9	26	23	23..26	22(2)	7	14
12..18	22	25	18	24..22	15	28	24
				Drawn.			
				(1)			
21..23	26	6	2	26..27	24	13	9
22.. 7	10	32	27	27.. 3	7	9	6
23..31	24	28	19	28.. 7	10	6	2
24..26	31	2	6	29..10	14	18	9
25..31	27	6	15	30..11	18	19	15
				White wins.			
				(2)			
28..10	15	7	6	29..22	26	6	1
24..15	22	26	19	30..26	30	1	6
25.. 8	11	13	9	31..30	26	6	10
26..12	16	19	12	32..26	23	28	24
27..23	17	32	23	33..19	28	12	16
28..26	19	9	6			White wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 26th POSITION.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..24 to 27		15 to 11		3..23 to 27		15 to 19	
2..27	23	11	15	4..27	32 and draws.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 7.—VOL. IX.
BY C. M. W.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..17 to 13		15 to 24		4..13 to 9		5 to 14	
2..30	25	29	22	5.. 6	2	15	6
3..14	18	22	15	6.. 2	11 and wins.		

POSITION No. 8.—VOL. IX.
BY H. F. B.
Dedicated to Beginners.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 27th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
4..12	19	26	22
5.. 8	11		

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND J. A. J.

Black.—Mary.		White.—J. A. J.	
4.. 4	8	24	20
5..12	16		

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S		White.—W. S.	
9..12	19	20	16
10..11	27		

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TWENTY-NINE

Jack Power.—His Battle With King.

POWER,—one of the most celebrated scientific boxers in the kingdom, a native of the metropolis, and descended from Irish parents—was born on the 8th of August, 1790, and was brought up under his father as a turncock, but which calling he soon left to follow the business of a plumber. Jack's milling qualities made their appearance at a very early period of his life, for he had scarcely turned fourteen years of age when we find him engaged with one Norbrook, a sadler, a Lancashire man, who stood six feet two inches in height, in Tavistock Square, for two guineas. Although a mere boy, his knowledge of the science seemed so superior as to attract considerable notice; and it was from science alone, that he was enabled to beat a man who possessed every other advantage over him except a knowledge of the art of boxing.

In Bloomsbury Square, Jack fought a butcher of the name of Jem Twist, for three quarters of an hour. Twist had hitherto been looked upon as a good bit of stuff, but he was now compelled to surrender to a superior Power.

A Birmingham man, not unlike the Chicken in make and size, challenged Jack in Theobald's Road, when they agreed to settle the difference in the fields behind the Foundling Hospital. It was one of the most desperate conflicts in which Jack was ever engaged, and it was near terminating very seriously, as the Birmingham man was punished so dreadfully, that he was taken to Bartholomew hospital, with but little hopes of recovery.

From the above display and several other skirmishes, Jack was advised to exhibit as a Professor in the ring, and accordingly he made his *debut* with Dogherty, in which Power fought so well and so gamely, that Dogherty gave in three times during the fight; but Power being a new one, and Dogherty more experienced, it was managed in that sort of way, that the latter was pronounced the victor.

Jack next contended with one Frere, at Coomb Wood, on April 1st, 1809, and after a very superior display of the art of boxing for twenty-five minutes, Frere gave in.

At a dinner in St. James' street, a small difference having occurred between a tailor and Power, they agreed to fight it out for a guinea, on the spot. The tailor, who was well versed in sparring, having received lessons under the renowned Belcher, felt pluck enough to enter the lists with this celebrated boxer. For ten minutes the tailor gave sound proof that he was something more than the ninth part of a man, by fighting courageously and well for that period; but the science of Power was not to be got the better of; he stopped the blows of poor stitch with the utmost *sang froid*, and putting in such tremendous blows on the tailor's nob, that completely disfigured his face; while, on the contrary, Power proved the conqueror, without a single hurt—that on his return home, in calling in at Gregson's, the Young Ruffian and Jack fell out, and in a turn-up, Fearby was soon served out, but who was so angry and dissatisfied in being thus conquered, that strange to say, instead, as upon former occasions, of calling to his aid his potent arm, he now had recourse to the strong arm of the law, which paying no respect to superior science, proved the means of drawing Jack of five pounds!

Power went down to Huntingdon to second a man of the name of Saunders, who was to fight a match for 40 guineas; when an amateur of that place betted Jack that he would produce a man who should fight him for ten pounds. The bet was accepted of, and the countryman made his appearance; but just upon setting-to, and viewing Power from head to foot, he appeared so panic-struck, that he instantly bolted, and was out of sight in a few minutes, Power laughing and pocketing the money at this droll adventure.

Power being down at Salisbury, to superintend the training of a game-keeper, belonging to —— Biggs, Esq., of that neighborhood, at the same time that Molineaux had an exhibition of sparring there, at one shilling each person for admittance, where any one might set to with Molineaux that thought proper—a blacksmith, well known in that quarter as a complete ruffian and a terror to the inhabitants, entered the room, and challenged Molineaux to fight for 100 guineas, who replied that he came there to spar, and not to fight—but the blacksmith would not be put off, and swore that Molineaux should have a box with him; upon which a sum was named, and the Man of Color, under pretence of fetching the money, went to a private room in the inn, and securely locked himself up, and where no entreaties from his friends or Power could induce him to leave it. The Salisbury blacksmith being thus disappointed, was determined to have a mill at all events, so that upon learning Power was a Professor of the science, instantly came up and challenged Jack, who answered he was otherwise engaged, and begged him to desist, and go about his business quietly, for that he had no intention of fighting. "You shall," exclaimed the blacksmith, "you are one of the Lunnun fighting men, and I know I can beat thee, and will fight you for £10, £50, or £100, and you shan't go home without a good licking!" Power, now finding all expostulation in vain, informed this ruffian that if he would come on the next morning with any sum he thought proper, he should be accommodated. The blacksmith, without further ceremony, gave Power a severe blow on the head, who now seeing the necessity of the case, instantly stripped, and in the course of fifteen minutes, so punished this insolent, overgrown blacksmith, that he was carried away in a senseless state, with the loss of two of his teeth. The gentlemen and inhabitants were so pleased upon this occasion, that Power was handsomely rewarded for his spirit.

At Moulsey Hurst, for fifty guineas and a purse, Jack

entered the lists with Joel King, on July 16th, 1811. Power was seconded by Bob Clarke and Paddington Jones; and King, by Richmond and Hall. Nine to four on Power.

Round 1. The combatants set to in good spirits, and King with considerable strength endeavored to put in a severe blow with his right hand, which Jack scientifically parried, and planted his one-two on the head and body of his opponent with considerable dexterity, producing the claret, when King fell. The bets decided concerning the first knock-down blow.

2. Notwithstanding the severity of the blows of Power, King was by no means shy, and again made play, putting in a severe right-handed hit on Power's throat, the left proving short; when Power, with uncommon agility, gave King such a severe left handed facer, that sent him down.

3. Several good hits were exchanged in a rally; but the superiority of science manifestly appearing on the side of Power, the bets were two to one upon him.

4. Power on setting-to hit left and right, which King returned by a severe blow in the throat; when they closed, and King was again thrown.

5. King, full of gaiety, endeavored to put in a hit with his left hand, which fell short, following it up with his right, the science of Power rendered it of no effect; they closed, and King was thrown a cross-buttock.

5. King and Power both made play at the same instant; when a right-handed blow told on the head of Power; some good blows were exchanged, and this round was rather in favor of King; although he was thrown a cross-buttock by Power, who in his haste to do it, went with his right shoulder against one of the stakes, from which he received a severe hurt.

7. Power was now fully aware what sort of a customer he had to deal with, and to prevent the punishment of his opponent's right hand, adopted another mode of fighting, by getting away to hit.

8. Power, in this round, convinced the amateurs and spectators, that he was a complete master of the science, by the way in which he treated his opponent—Jack put in a tremendous blow on King's mouth, and immediately got away; when he again repeated the dose; and kept repeating this severe punishment, till King fell literally covered with blood.

9. King not dismayed, commenced a rally, and to all appearance had the best of it, by putting in his straight right-handed blows with great spirit; from his better strength, but who received another cross-buttock from Power.

10. The face of King now cut a truly piteous aspect, cut and mangled in all directions; and Power put in two severe blows, one on the mouth and the other in the throat of his opponent, which brought him down.

11. Both the combatants fell after a good rally.

12. Another excellent rally took place, Power exhibiting his superior science in the most conspicuous style, and from the severe punishment he dealt out with his right hand, sent King reeling away; but who, in the most determined and courageous manner, renewed the rally with all the fortitude of a hero, and returned the hits of his opponent with the most astonishing game, and finally closed the round, by throwing Power.

13. Power, in the most scientific manner, again brought his antagonist down; who, notwithstanding, possessed so much strength and good bottom, that Power seemed almost incapable of giving that punishment to King, which seemed essentially necessary to render the victory safe to Jack. However, the fight continued in most excellent style till the

26. When it was six to four. At this time the left side of King's head was so dreadfully beaten, that it was impossible to look upon it without the most commiserating sensations, but whose courage was of the finest quality, with a bottom never excelled, and fighting away in that manly style, claiming not only the admiration of his friends, but even the applause of his enemies, till the

46 When he was now nearly reduced to a state of stupidity from the blows he had received upon his head; and would not give in, till beat to a complete stand still. The contest lasted 57 minutes.

By the above battle Power's fame was completely established; and from the courage he displayed, and the superior science which he exhibited, fairly entitled him to rank equal with, if not the first, any twelve stone pugilist in the list.

In October, 1811, a match was endeavored to be brought about between Tom Belcher and Jack, but the stakes not being made good, it went off.

Our hero now promulgated the science of self-defence in various parts of the kingdom with admiration and success; but who unfortunately ruptured a blood vessel, and laboring under a severe cold, reduced the state of his health considerably, and before he took time for the system to recover its proper tone, imprudently suffered himself to be matched with Jack Carter for 100 guineas, which contest took place on the 16th of November, 1812, at Rickmansworth, in Herts. Power on this occasion was seconded by the Champion of England, and Carter by Bitton and Tom Jones.

It would be superfluous to detail the rounds of this battle, which continued one hour and twenty-five minutes, but suffice it to say, in no battle whatever was the utility of the science more finely portrayed, or the certainty of the art so clearly demonstrated as in the above contest; and the conduct of Power this day was above all praise. Passing previously a restless night, afflicted by a cough, and somewhat nervous in his habit, he entered the ring under all these disadvantages, to contend against an adversary, his superior in height, strength, and constitution; perfectly in health, and not so very deficient in pugilistic acquirements. It was a tremendous task—a most daring attempt—and it was his superlative science, and that alone, which produced the victory to Power. It required something almost more than fortitude thus to act in opposition to his nature, as well as considerable ingenuity in husbanding his strength, that he might be enabled to reduce his opponent to his own level, which, once effected, he grappled with him then upon superior terms; his strength gone, and his science not equal, Carter was conquered with elegance and certainty. Upon no occasion whatever were the knowing ones so completely out of their know! Carter, although defeated, showed that he was not without game; but Power completely astonished the most experienced of the Fancy!

A FOWL TRANSACTION.—One Barnum, but not of wooly horse notoriety, has been dealing in game fowl, but, true to the instincts of the family under whose cognomen he sails, has been passing off the bogus for the genuine, much to the disgust of some individual who considers that he has been decidedly humbugged, and gives an *expose* of the transaction in the following classic and original strain. Hear him:—

"GEORGE BARNUM—More'n a yeer aggo I cent yu twenty-six dollers in a leter for 3 coshin chiner chickns, and yu sed tha was perfeck pure bludds, and yu lade yerself lyble to a Sute of prose kushn for letin such dam stuf go intu yur yard, or out of it either. I bred them orl by themsells, and never had no uther cockrill on my plase, and i no yu cheeted me like the devl, an yu no it 2. The fust lot of chickns I gut was awl *wite* as snoballs, but i did'nt sa nothin, cause why? wat did i want tu let fokes no ide bin fuled and suckt in by a Corntemtible yanky, for! i sed nothin and kept shaidy, and stuk tu it that i gut em tu *breed* wite fouls out on—cause i Ment peeple shudent lart at me, no how! Wel, the nex lot of chickns i got was *black* as thunder! *black*, Geo. Barnum—bred out of yur Patent yaller impoted preemum stock, that yu an the lyin noospapers sed was pure bludds. i chocked evry wun on em quicker'n *scatt*—wen i found um, and ef yude a bin thare tbin i guess yu Wud dent razed more'n ten thowsen more fouls to cheet Peeple with after ide gut a holt on yure desaitful gullet. * * * i tell yu wot i think on you. I think if yu shud taik to sum onnest emploiment, such as drawin a express Waggin, or sorrin wood, yude be Considered a gentle mann Compared with wat yu now be. evryboddy nose how yu ar cheetin and Gaugin and bleadin the publick, and yur naim stinks wuss'n a ole Hen-cupe enney how. I spose that ef yu shud taik ta enny kine of onness sort of way tu get a livin it ud kill yu dam quick. coz yu aint yuste tu it, and that wud serv yu rite, yu cheeting, lying unprincipled nave. * * * go ahed. suc em as long as Yu can, tha wunt fine yu out for a flatt yit. yu thort yude suckt me, I spoze. well I own up yu did. yu got 26 dollers of my monny, and i spoz yu chuckled about it, same's yu did Wen yu stuk them rotten aigs onto bill turner. * * * don't yu wish ide pade the postige on this letter? Yule git a wus wun nex time.

In haist B——F——L.

Pose Skrip.—P. S. i seen in the boston Times yisterday that yu 'Lade six aigs on the editurs table, 9 inchs long and 4 inchis Round.' This was put in that paper i Spose cose yu cud cell aigs. yu ma pool wull over their ies But yu dont fule Me. I dont bleeve yu ever laid a aig in yur lite—yu Humbugg. go tu the devl gorge Barnum.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

MADMEN, spare that flag!
Touch not a single star;
From sea to mountain crag,
Its stripes have gleamed afar;
'Twas our forefather's hand
That gave it as our lot,
There, madmen, let it stand,
Your rage shall harm it not!

That flag of Liberty,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea;
And would ye strike it down?
Madmen, suspend your will,
Cut not its heaven-born ties;
Our country's emblem still,
Steeped with celestial dyes!

SOLDIERS' HEALTH.

1. In an ordinary campaign, sickness disables or destroys three times as many as the sword.

2. On the march, from April to November, the entire clothing should be a colored flannel shirt with a loosely buttoned collar, cotton drawers, woolen pantaloons, shoes and stockings, and a light colored felt hat with a broad brim to protect the eyes and face from the glare of the sun and from the rain, and a substantial but not heavy coat when off duty.

3. Sun stroke is most effectually prevented by wearing a silk handkerchief in the crown of the hat.

4. Colored blankets are best, and if lined with brown drilling the warmth and durability are doubled, while the protection against dampness from lying on the ground, is almost complete.

5. Never lie or sit down on the grass or bare earth for a moment; rather use your hat; a handkerchief, even, is a great protection. The warmer you are, the greater need for this precaution, for a damp vapor is immediately generated, to be absorbed by the clothing, and to cool you off too rapidly.

6. While marching, or on other active duty, the more thirsty you are, the more essential it is to the safety of life itself, to rinse out the mouth two or three times, and then take a swallow of water at a time, with short intervals. A brave French general, on a forced march, fell dead on the instant, by drinking largely of cold water, when snow was on the ground.

7. Abundant sleep is essential to bodily efficiency, and to that alertness of mind which is all important in an engagement; and few things more certainly and more effectually prevent sound sleep than eating heartily after sundown, especially after a heavy march or desperate battle.

8. Nothing is more certain to secure endurance and capability of long continued effort, than the avoidance of everything as a drink except cold water, not including coffee at breakfast. Drink as little as possible, of even cold water.

9. After any sort of exhausting effort, a cup of coffee, hot or cold, is an admirable sustainer of the strength, until nature begins to recover herself.

10. Never eat heartily just before a great undertaking; because the nervous power is irresistibly drawn to the stomach to manage the food eaten, thus drawing off that supply which the brain and muscles so much need.

11. If persons will drink brandy, it is comparatively safer to do so after an effort than before; for it can give only a transient strength lasting but a few minutes; but as it can never be known how long any given effort is to be kept in continuance—and if longer than the few minutes, the body becomes more feeble than it would have been without the stimulus; it is clear that its use before an effort is always hazardous and is always unwise.

12. Never go to sleep, especially after a great effort, even in hot weather, without some covering over you.

13. Under all circumstances, rather than lie down on the bare ground, lie in the hollow of two logs placed together, or across several smaller pieces of wood, laid side by side, or sit in your hat, leaning against a tree. A nap of ten or fifteen minutes in that position will refresh you more than an hour on the bare earth, with the additional advantage of perfect safety.

14. A cut is less dangerous than a bullet wound, and heals more rapidly.

15. If from any wound the blood spirts out in jets, instead of a steady stream, you will die in a few minutes, unless it is remedied; because an artery has been divided, and that takes the blood direct from the fountain of life. To stop this instantly, tie a handkerchief or other cloth very loosely BETWEEN the wound and the heart; put a stick, bayonet, or ramrod between the skin and the handkerchief, and twist it around until the bleeding ceases, and keep it thus until the surgeon arrives.

16. If the blood flows in a slow, regular stream, a vein has been pierced, and the handkerchief must be on the other side of the wound from the heart; that is, below the wound.

17. A bullet through the abdomen (belly, or stomach) is more certainly fatal than if aimed at the head or heart; for in the latter cases, the ball is often glanced off by the bone, or follows around it under the skin; but when it enters the stomach or bowels, from any direction, death is inevitable under all conceivable circumstances, but is scarcely ever instantaneous. Generally the person lives a day or two, without perfect clearness of intellect, often not suffering greatly. The practical bearing of the statement in reference to the great future is clear.

18. Let the whole beard grow, but no longer than some three inches. This strengthens and thickens its growth, and thus makes a more perfect protection for the lungs against dust, and of the throat against winds and cold in winter, while in summer a greater perspiration of the skin is induced, with an increase of evaporation; hence, greater coolness of the part on the outside, while the throat is less feverish, thirsty, and dry.

19. Avoid fat, and fat meats in summer, and in all warm days.

20. Whenever possible, take a plunge into any lake or running stream every morning, as soon as you get up; if none is at hand, endeavor to wash the body all over as soon as you leave your bed, for personal cleanliness acts like a charm against all diseases, always either warding them off altogether, or greatly mitigating their severity and shortening their duration.

21. Keep the hair of the head closely cut, say within an inch and a half of the scalp in every part, repeated on the first of each month, and wash the whole scalp plentifully in cold water every morning.

22. Wear woolen stockings and easy fitting shoes, keeping the toe and finger nails always cut moderately close.

23. It is more important to wash the feet well every night, than to wash the face and hands of mornings; because it aids to keep the skin and nails soft, and to prevent chafings, blisters and corns, all of which greatly interfere with a soldier's duty.

24. The most universally safe position, after all stunnings, hurts, and wounds, is that of being placed on the back, the head being elevated three or four inches only, aiding more than any one thing else can do, to equalize and restore the proper circulation of the blood.

25. The more weary you are after a march or other work, the more easily will you take cold, if you remain still after it is over, unless, the moment you cease motion, you throw a coat or blanket over your shoulders. This precaution should be taken in the warmest weather, especially if there is even a slight air stirring.

26. The greatest physical kindness you can show a severely wounded comrade is first to place him on his back, and then run with all your might for some water to drink; not a second ought to be lost. If no vessel is at hand, take your hat; if no hat, off with your shirt, wring it out once, tie the arms in a knot, as also the lower end, thus making a bag open at the neck only. A fleet person can carry a bucketful half a mile in this way. I've seen a dying man clutch at a single drop of water from the fingers' end, with the voraciousness of a famished tiger.

27. If wet to the skin by rain or by swimming rivers, keep in motion until the clothes are dried, and no harm will result.

28. Whenever it is possible, do, by all means, when you have to use water for cooking or drinking from ponds or sluggish streams, boil it well, and when cool, shake it, or stir it so that the oxygen of the air shall get to it, which greatly improves it for drinking. This boiling arrests the process of fermentation which arises from the presence of organic and inorganic impurities, thus tending to prevent cholera and all bowel diseases. If there is no time for boiling, at least strain it through a cloth, even if you have to use a shirt or trowser-leg.

29. Twelve men are hit in battle, dressed in red, where there are only five, dressed in a blueish grey, a difference of more than two to one; green, seven; brown, six.

30. Water can be made almost ice-cool in the hottest weather by closely enveloping a filled canteen, or other vessel, with woolen cloth kept plentifully wetted and exposed.

31. While on a march, lie down the moment you halt for a rest; every minute spent in that position refreshes more than five minutes standing or loitering about.

32. A daily evacuation of the bowels is indispensable to bodily health, vigor and endurance; this is promoted in many cases, by stirring a tablespoonful of corn (Indian) meal in a glass of water, and drinking it on rising in the morning.

33. Loose bowels, namely, acting more than once a day, with a feeling of debility afterward, is the first step toward cholera; the best remedy is instant and perfect quietude of body, eating nothing but boiled rice, with or without boiled milk; in more decided cases, a woolen flannel, with two thicknesses in front, should be bound tightly around the abdomen, especially if marching is a necessity.

34. To have "been to the wars," is a life-long honor, increasing with advancing years, while to have died in defence of your country will be the boast and the glory of your children's children.

ARTEMUS WARD IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED.

You hav perhaps wondered whereabouts I was for these many dase gone and past. Perchans you sposed I'd gone to the Toomb of the Cappylets, tho I don't know what those is. It's a poplar noospaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Seseshers, a earnin my daily peck by my legitmit perfesbun, and havn't had no time to weeld my facile quill for "the Great Komick paper," if you'll allow me to kote from your troothful advertisment.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. If what I've bin threw is "Suthern hosspitality," bout which we've heern so much, then I feel bound to obsarve that they made too much of me. They were altogether too lavish with their attenshuns.

I went amung the Seseshers with no feelings of annermosity. I went in my perfeshernul capacity. I was actooated by one of the most loftiest desires that can swell the human Boosum, viz:—to giv the people their money's worth, by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots, which I venter to say air onsurpast by other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbugs a lier and a hoss thief, but bring him be 4 me and I'll wither him with one of my skornful frowns.

But to proceed with my tail. In my travils threw the Sonny South I heared a heap of talk about Seseshin and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe (sametimes called the Prahayrie flower) shouldn't never be noggerated. They also made fools of theirselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continnered for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a Son of Malty and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Malty, and I sposed these fax would secoor me the inflooenz and perteshun of all the fust famerlies. Alas! I was dispinted. State arter State seseshed, and it growd hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things come to a climbmacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premtorally ordered to haul down the Stars and Stripes. A depytashun of red-faced men come up to the door of my tent, ware I was standin takin money (the arternoon exhibishun had commenst, and my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes). "We air cum, sir," sed a millingtary man in a cockt hat, "upon a hi and holey mishun. The Suthern Eagle is screamin threwout this sonny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, sir!"

"What's the matter with him?" sez I. "Don't his vittels sit well on his stummick?"

"That Eagle, sir, will continner to scream all over this Brite and tremenjus land!"

"Wall, let him *scream*. If your Eagle can amuse hisself by screamin, let him went!" The men annoyed me, for I was Bizzy makin change.

"We air cum, sir, upon a matter of dooty——"

"You're rite, Capting. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air cum ——"

"And that's the reason you air here!" sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wanted to joak I'd giv him sum of my sparklin eppygrams.

"Sir, you're inserlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-Spangled Banner, and hist the Southern flag?"

"Nary hist!" Those was my reply.

"Your wax-works and beests is then confisticated, and you air arrested as a Spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Suthern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what's the price of whiskey in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive flooid can you individually hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confisticated. I axed them if that was ginerally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomerey in iuns. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Suthern patrits, who commenst hollerin, "Hang the bald-beaded aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibishun!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavillion, warein instruckshun and amoosement had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile, dirty-faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer-bottles at my massiv brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily obsarved.

The Seseshurs confisticated my statoots by smashing them to attums. They then went to my money-box and confisticated all the loose change therein contained. They then went and bust in my cages, lettin all the animiles loose, a small but healthy tiger among the rest. This tiger had an eccentric way of tearin dogs too peaces, and I allers sposed from his gineral conduck that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way, if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooll, but I larfed boysterrusly when I saw that tiger spring in amung the peeple. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed "I forgiv you for bitin off my left thum, with all my heart! Rip 'em like a bully tiger, whose Lare has bin inwaded by Seseshers!"

I can't say for certin that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after some miles distant, with a large and well-selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin havin sum vilent exercise, I raythor guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confisticate him much.

I was carrid to Montgomerey in iuns, and placed in durans vial. The jail was a ornory edifiss, but the table was librally surplied with Bakin and Cabbidge. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after Bakin I could help myself to Cabbidge.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothin to talk about, howsever, and I was very lonely, specially on the first day; so when the jaler parst my lonely sell, I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but there was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-bevild a state as possibil, and rollin my eyes like a manyyack, I cride: "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad but soon shall be, if you don't bring me suthin to Taik!" He brung me some noosepapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got an interview with Jefferson Davis, the President of the Suthern Conthieveracy. He was quite perlite, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and sed his gallunt men had bin a little too enthusiastic in confisticatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confisticated me too muchly. I had sum hosses confisticated in the same way onct, but the confisticaters air now poundin stun in the States Prison at Injiunapylus."

"Wall, wall, Mister Ward, you are at liberty to depart; you are friendly to the South I know. Even now we hav many frens in the North, who sympathize with us, and won't mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's your grate mistaik. Many of us was your sincere frens, and thought certi parties amung us was fussin about you and meddlin with your consarns intirely too much. But, J. Davis, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of dry-goods called the Star-Spangled Banner, the North gets up and rises in massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individooals—not agin the South even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by and saw this glorus Govyment smashed to pieces, either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle-hearted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wollup you out of your boots! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makin egrejus mutton head of herself!"

"Go on, sir; you're safe enuff. You're too small powder for me!" sed the President of the Suthern Conthieveracy.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsvill Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm Capting of the Corpse—I am—and, J. Davis, beware! Jefferson D., I now leave you! Farewell, my gay Saler Boy! Good by, my bold buccaneer! Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Suthern Conthieveracy on my way home was thrillin enuff for yeller covers. It will form the subjeck of my next. Betsy Jane and the progeny air well. Yours respectively, A. WARD.

[*Vanity Fair.*

TOBY'S EXPERIENCE WITH A BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.—Toby is a high private. His company is armed with the breech-loading Maynard rifle, "warranted to shoot twelve times in a minute, and to carry a ball effectually 1600 yards." Men who fought at Monterey and Buena Vista called the new fangled thing a "pop-gun." To test its efficacy, Toby's captain told the men they must "try their guns." In obedience to command, Toby procured the necessary munitions of war, and started with his "pop-gun" for the woods. Saw a squirrel up a very high tree—took aim—fired. Effects of shot immediate and wonderful. Tree effectually stripped, and nothing of the squirrel to be found except three broken hairs. "Pop gun" rose in value—equal to a four pounder. But Toby wouldn't shoot towards any more trees—afraid of being arrested for cutting down other people's timber. Walked a mile and a quarter to get sight of a hill. By aid of a small telescope, saw hill in distance; saw large rock on hill; put in big load—shut both eyes—fired. As soon as breath returned, opened eyes; could see, just could, but could not hear; at least couldn't distinguish any sounds; thought Niagara had broke loose, or all out doors gone to drum beating. Determined to see if shot hit. Borrowed horse and started towards hill. After travelling two days and nights, reached place; saw setting sun shining through the hill; knew right away that was where the shot hit. Went closer; stumbled over rocky fragments scattered for half a mile in line of bullet. Come to hole; knew the bullet hit there, because saw lead on the edges; walked in and walked through; saw teamster on the other side, "indulging in profane language;" in fact, "cussin considerable" because lightning had killed his team. Looked as finger directed—saw six dead oxen in line with hole through the mountain; knew that was the bullet's work, but didn't say so to angry teamster. Thought best to be leaving; in consequence, didn't explore the path of bullet any further; therefore, don't know where it stopped; don't know whether it stopped at all; in fact, rather think it didn't. Mounted horse; rode back through the hole made by the bullet; but never told the captain a word about it; to tell the truth, was rather afraid he'd think it a hoax. "It's a right big story, boys," said Toby, in conclusion, "but it's true, sure as shooting."

AN ASS-TONISHING CALL.—Somebody is always telling stories about the "Hard-shell Baptists." Wags have the run on them, and they may as well be content and bear it. Here follows a tale told of them long since. The location is in the mountains of North Carolina, where the Hard-shells are quite numerous, and where they believe in dreams and voices. In the important matter of a call to the ministry, a dream or a voice is almost indispensable.

Now it came to pass that a man by the name of Walker felt himself considerably moved to "hold forth" and kept "spreading the fleece," Gideon-like, to ascertain his duty in the important premises. To assist him in his pious investigations, he called at a still-house one evening to get some of the "good critter." After refreshment, the story runs, he left for home, and on the way he felt moved to go into the grove, a few hundred yards from the roadside, "thar to rarstle on the subjick." While he was "rarslin" most earnestly, scarcely outdone by the patriarch, some one passed in the road with a long-eared animal politely called John Donkey, and John let off, as his race is won't to do sometimes, in a most thrilling manner.

Walker's imagination, by his earnest "rarslin," was wrought up to a great intensity, and he converted Major John's discordant music, which to most men resembles the filing of a saw-mill saw, into a call urging him to preach. No time was to be lost. He rose from his knees duly commissioned, went to his church and demanded a license, when the pastor interrogated him thus:—

Pastor—Do you believe, Brother Walker, that you are called to preach, as was Aaron?

Walker—Most certainly I does.

P.—Give the Church, that is the bruthering, the proof.

W.—I was mightily diffikilted, and I was 'tarmined ter go inter the woods and rarstle it out.

P.—That's it, brother Walker.

W.—And while there rarstlin, Jacob-like, I hearn one of the kewriousest voices I ever hearn inall my born days.

P.—You are on the right track, Brother Walker, go on with your noration.

W.—I couldn't tell for the life of me, whether the voice was up in the air, or down in the sky, it sounded so kewris.

P.—Poor cretur, how he was diffikilted. Go on to norate, Brother Walker. How did it appear to sound tew yer?

W.—Why this a-way: Waw waw-wawker—waw-wawker! Go preach, go preach, go preach, go preach-ee, go preach-ah, go preach-um, go preach-ah-uh-ee-uh-ah-ee-aaaah-aaah-aah-ah!

P.—Bruthering and sisterin, that's the right sort of a call. Enough said, Brother Walker. That's none of yer college calls. No doctor of divinity ever had such a call as that. Brother Walker must have a license fur sartin and fur sure.

The license was granted, and Walker is now doubtless making the mountains ring with his stentorian lungs.

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JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN,	COURT OF GARIBALDI,
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THREE FAST WOMEN, [8 1*]	FEMALE GAMBLER, &c., &c.

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CARD.—Having advertised a route for my summer season, taking in OHIO, NEW YORK, RHODE ISLAND, CONNECTICUT, NEW JERSEY, Etc., and having experienced in the past three weeks the dullness of the times consequent upon the excitement of the war question, I deem it necessary to withdraw any arrangements made in the cities and towns which I have been advertised in. My company will fill their engagement in Pittsburgh, after which I return to Philadelphia and await the proper season for amusements.
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Tuesday evening, May 21st, and continue until further notice.
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CONCERT SALOON AGENCY, 89 WEST HOUSTON STREET.—Miss Julia Barton, Vocalist. Why don't you write, or come on? Your articles have been forwarded as you directed. J. CONNER, Agent. 1st Class Danseuse wanted. Also, two End Men. Address as above. 8-1t*

☞ We have letters for Thomas G. Canham, leader of Dan Rice's Circus Band D. W. Waller, Mrs. N. Hubbard, Mr. E. Eddy, A. J. Talbot; Miss Charlotte Crampton, Charles Plumber, W. J. Marshall, and Charlie Whitney.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, JUNE 3, '61.

Now is the summer of our discontent, most assuredly. Things grow worse, instead of better; and every day but adds to the "stagnation." Troops of professionals are constantly arriving in this city, most of them the remnants of disbanded regiments of travelling dramatic and minstrel companies; but there is but little for them to do here, and what relief is extended them, comes generally from the proprietors of concert or music halls, most of whom are always willing to engage talent. Our advices from the country at large, North and South, represent the same unsettled and discouraging state of affairs. Companies that started out on the summer campaign with high hopes, have been compelled to knock under and disband, managers being unable to make both ends meet. Privates have offered to perform for half salaries, or even for current necessary expenses, rather than be thrown out of employment altogether, but even these propositions have been rejected. One manager writes us that he has travelled for many years, but never until the present season did he experience such disastrous times. Everything is lost sight of in the war! He says that if his company would travel free, and the printing were furnished him gratis, he would not even then wish to be a manager, for it is difficult to make board and hall rent, to say nothing of anything else. Another, from the 'Southern Confederacy," writes us that he tried a brief season merely to enable the company to raise the means to "leave the country," but they did not realise sufficient to pay for "three days rations." Most places of amusement now open, here and elsewhere, are running on half salaries, and even this will not last much longer. It is not so much owing to the scarcity of money as to to the interest taken in the war, and in the operations of our volunteers. Parties who start out to visit a theatre or music hall, in many instances bring up at a military rendezvous, or remain in the street to witness the parade or departure of some regiment bound to the seat of war. A battle is daily looked for, and the people remain out of doors to gain the earliest intelligence. We cannot look for much improvement yet awhile, and all hands must "stand the storm" with becoming "fortitude and resignation."

On Monday evening, May 27th, Charles Gayler's "Our American Cousin at Home" was produced in this city for the first time, at the Winter Garden. For several months past, the comedy has been performed in the "provinces," in most cases receiving high praise at the hands of the local press gang. Preparations had been making for its production in this city for several weeks; new scenery was painted, appointments gathered together, and everything that could be done to give due effect to the piece was carefully and liberally attended to. Mr. Sothern has been giving his personal supervision here, there and everywhere; getting together what he supposed to be the right sort of people; giving hints to painters, property men, and all others in anywise concerned in the play. The opening night was clear, cool, and in every way suitable for a good beginning. We determined to assist in the initial performance and welcome "Our American Cousin at Home." For these times, the attendance was really good; the house was not full, but nearly so. Everybody seemed pleased, and in anticipation of a jolly good laugh, for most of those present retained, no doubt, many pleasant recollections of the original "Cousin," as performed at Laura Keene's, a year or so ago, and in which Mr. Sothern made his mark as Dundreary. We expected to see an equal amount of fun in the Dundreary of the present day, as no doubt did most of those present, but we were somewhat disappointed. The curtain was raised at about 20 minutes past 8 o'clock, showing to us Asa Trenchard's home in New Hampshire, a well-painted scenic view, and which was loudly applauded. Mary Trenchard, Asa's wife, was performed by Miss Newton, [Mrs Marlowe] while Asa, Jr., was enacted by Master Reeves. Both were very clever, but the little boy deserves more than a passing notice. He spoke his words clearly and distinctly, was always correct, and did what business belonged to the part in a most creditable manner. Master Reeves is a smart child, and will ere long make his mark in the profess on. Dundreary was done of course, by Mr. Sothern. My Lord is supposed to have been "tamed down" a little; but by this taming process we lose much of the fun which made the character so popular in the original. There is less to laugh at now, and we felt that a little more of the Dundreary, "pure and undefiled," would have been much better relished. Mr. Sothern also appeared as Sam, Dundreary's brother, making rapid changes in costume, and also in voice. Both parts were well played, but Mr. Gayler has "gone back" on Dundreary, and deprived us, to a certain extent, of the original fun. Much was expected of Mr. Blake, as Binney. Upon making his appearance, Mr. B. was received with the most flattering marks of good feeling, the applause continuing for more than a minute, and this, you know, is not a minute dose. Mr. Blake's Binney, however, was a complete failure. He neither looked nor acted in a manner becoming the real character of the part, and though comparisons *are* said to be odious, we could not help contrasting the Binney of the much praised Mr. Blake with the same character as delineated by Mr. Peters, an actor who always performs well, but who gets but little praise. Mr. Hemphill, who performed the part of Binney in Philadelphia, is said to have made it one of the features of the play, his comical sayings and his really funny by-play drawing forth almost incessant peals of laughter. Mr Blake failed to make the least impression; his voice, at times, was scarcely audible, and his "funny business" was distressingly bad; it was really painful to witness the performance. If Mr. Blake desires to retain the reputation he has hitherto enjoyed in this city, he had better throw up Binney, and let some one take his place who has a better conception of a flunkey, and who knows, also, how to act it. Mr. Vining Bowers created a favorable impression as Asa. He is one of those quiet, natural performers, who never strain a point to "gain a hand," at least so he appeared to us on this occasion. He was well received, gave a very fair idea of the Yankee as he is, (not the stage character) and was careful, and never at fault in the text. The dialogues between Asa and his wife were rather "long drawn out," and at times tedious, but that is the fault of the author, not the actor. The "old villain," Coyle, was very fairly rendered by Mr. J. Stoddart; and Uncle Pete, the Negro, was not overdone by Mr. Bishop. Buggins the "tiger" by Mrs. G. Stoddart, was well enough in its way, but the "tiger," is a "superfluity" in the piece, and don't help it along any; and this, be it understood, is not said to the disparagement of the clever little actress who essayed the part. Mrs Marlowe performed the part of Mary in good taste, and when the text is cut down she will appear to better advantage. The rest of the cast did all that was set down for them, "and more too." The orchestra was better than usual, and introduced some "new effects." Mr. Mollenhauer is *beginning* to understand the *popular* taste. The panorama of the Hudson River, showing the most prominent and interesting points on both sides, is really a magnificent production, and is quite an exhibition in itself. The many noted places, such as the Palisades, St. Anthony's Nose, West Point, etc., etc., are faithfully pictured under the various effects of light and shade, sunrise, mid-day, sunset, moonlight, fog, etc. It is seldom we have such a work of art presented to us on the boards of a theatre. It is the joint work of Messrs. Hayes and Selwyn. The piece dragged in the opening night, and the scenery and effects worked badly. It was twelve o'clock when the curtain dropped. Mr. Sothern had a severe task to keep up the fun and interest of the piece for nearly four hours, rendered still more laborious and trying by the failure on the part of Mr. Blake. We have not had time to attend the Garden a second time during the week, but we understand, from reliable authority, that on the second night, Tuesday, various curtailments and improvements were made, reducing the time of performance to less than three hours. Everything worked in regular order, and "Dundreary" made as much fun as in "days of yore." The piece, in its subsequent representations, is said to have achieved a decided success. On Tuesday, the attendance was larger than on the first night, the house being quite full, while the business continued equally good through the week.

During the afternoon show, the attendance is pretty fair at Barnum's Museum, but there is very little doing in the evening. For an evening show shop, the Museum is entirely too far down town, and Mr. Barnum must be convinced of that fact by this time. We want a new Museum, a mile or two farther up town, and if Barnum does not move in the matter very soon he may find himself deprived of the chance by others. Phineas, now is the time to strike—ground is cheaper, labor cheaper, and material cheaper. In the bright Lexicon of youth, you know, there is no such word as fail, that is, if you don't meddle with Yankee clocks.

Irving Hall does not seem to be the proper place for Negro Minstrelsy to flourish in. We visited the hall on Tuesday evening, May 28th, to hear and see George Christy's Minstrels, since their return from "Dixie." The hall is in Irving Place, corner of 15th street. It is an out of the way, lonely sort of location, and not at all calculated to attract the masses. On the occasion of our visit there could not have been more than 125 persons present, all told; and everything wore an air corresponding with the quiet character of the neighborhood. The hall is of a good size, well lighted, with a gallery, and is better suited for a ball room than a hall of minstrelsy. The seats are stout wooden benches, hard as nails, and without cushions. A cushioned seat extends the length of the hall, however, on either side. A raised platform serves as a stage, and from this a flight of steps leads down somewhere, to a dressing room, so that the means of entrance and exit are very inconvenient. George Christy's Minstrels, as we saw them at Irving Hall, are not the George Christy's Minstrels of former times; and the George Christy, at Irving Hall, was not like the George who achieved such fame at Mechanics Hall, in Broadway, when under the management of the "Millionaire Minstrel," Mr. E. P. Christy. George did not appear like himself; he seemed dispirited at the unhealthy appearance of the house, and did not exert himself to please; his jokes were stale, flat, and certainly, on that occasion, unprofitable. On the other end was Charley Fox, and on him the burthen of the funny business devolved; there were but few people to laugh, but those who were present several times encored Charley and encouraged him all they could. It's a very solemn thing for a performer to be encored by a slim house, and it's an equally solemn task to make jokes where there are not a sufficient number of people present to make a good, hearty laugh. So Charley found it, but he did his best, and Charley saw the laugh, if he did not hear it. J. A. Herrman did the middle business and the ballads; he is a good singer, a useful man, and studied in the E. P. Christy school; he sings as well now as he sang then. G. W. Wrightman was down for ballads, but he was the Wright man in the wrong place, for he did not sing, an apology being made for him. Mr. Haslem gave us a solo on the flute, and it was splendidly executed. Master Leon essayed a dance, but he, too, appeared to be out of his element, for his dancing was certainly very bad; his singing, however, was better, and received considerable applause. "Phalon's in an Uproar," a scene in a barber shop, by Herrman, Christy, and Fox, was one of the worst things of the kind we ever witnessed. It scarce raised a laugh; when properly performed, it is a regular "side splitter." There were a few other things on the programme, but they do not deserve mention. The music was good, and sounded very well in that hall, but the entertainment, as a whole, was unworthy of George Christy's Minstrels. We know very well that it is dispiriting to play to a small audience, but it is not treating those who *do* attend, with proper courtesy, to hurry off the show in a careless manner. It is frequently done, however, in theatres, and other places of amusement, but never fails to injure the house or company who attempt it.

Died, at his residence in this city, on Monday, May 27th, Mr. Thomas B. Johnston, comedian, of Laura Keene's Theatre. He was buried on Wednesday, May 29th, from the Church of the Divine Unity, Broadway. The funeral was attended by Laura Keene and almost her entire company, as well as by other members of the profession. Mr. Johnston had been ill for a long time, but still managed to keep up and attend to his business, although at times scarcely able to get through his part. His last appearance on the stage was on Monday evening, May 20th, on the occasion of Lotty Hough's benefit. Just one week before he died. Mr. Johnston, if we are correctly informed, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1815, and made his first appearance in that city, at the Arch Street Theatre, in 1840, as Wilkins, in the Green Mountain Boy. He first performed in this city at Burton's Theatre, Chambers street, in 1848, and remained there during the greater portion of Mr. Burton's management of that house. He subsequently performed at Wallack's, and other theatres. He was at one time a good low comedian, and might have been a great one, but he lacked energy and ambition, looking rather to the present than the future.

The Canterbury has added a very clever Minstrel troupe to its forces. They commenced there on Saturday evening, June 1st. In the troupe we see the names of some of the best performers in the business—among them are Sam Sharpley, Max Irwin, A. M. Hernandez, Paul Berger, T. La Mont, R. Abecco, Byron Christy, Frank Spear, W. Ross, and others. Eva Brent, the favorite vocalist, is announced to make her appearance there on the 8th inst.

The Howards closed their engagement at the New Bowery on the 1st. In a pecuniary sense, the engagement was not a success.

The evening of the 29th we devoted to a visit to Bryant's Minstrels. They, too, feel the pressure. Heretofore, their hall was too small to accommodate their patrons; now there is room enough for all, though the houses are by no means slim. On the night we attended, the seats were nearly all filled, but those on the benches were not packed as formerly. Sher. Campbell, ballad singer, of Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels, being in the city last week, was engaged by the Bryants, and commenced there on the 28th. We noticed Master Eugene and Unsworth among the audience on the 29th. They applauded the performances in true patriotic style. One of the greatest hits ever made by the Bryants is their little burlesque entitled "They would be Sons of Malta." It has been gotten up with more care than is usual in the production of Ethiopian extravaganzas. Dresses have been expressly made for the piece, and properties and effects have been well looked after. The house was better filled while the concluding act was going on than at any other time during the evening. There is a great deal of downright fun in the piece brought about by the ludicrous movements and sayings of Dan Bryant and Eph Horn. Each part is well attended to, Japanese Tommy rendering his *role*, as the opera critics have it, with a solemnity worthy of a practical undertaker. It is very pleasant to tarry an hour with the Bryants.

Business has fallen off slightly at the American, 444 Broadway, although still good for the times. Whether this falling off is to be attributed to the opening of the new hall at Wallack's Theatre building, or to the general apathy of the people in regard to amusements, we are unable to state; probably both causes tend to operate against it. The past week Mr. L. Simmons, banjo performer, was an additional attraction to the regular company.

THEO. NIMS, the actor, is an officer in the Scott Life Guard, second regiment, now in quarters at the Arsenal, Central Park. A week or so ago he was presented with a magnificent silk sash by George Tobin, Esq., at the "Synagogue," Canal and Varick streets, with appropriate ceremonies; it is of the finest Chinese silk, and was imported from the Celestial Empire.

Broadway Music hall, (late Wallack's Theatre) is now in its new guise, holding out great inducements to the fun loving public of Gotham, stage amusements of every variety being given nightly in the best manner by a talented company, under the management of MOSS. LA THORNE. The establishment is well ventilated, and is just the place to go to blow a cloud in comfort, and listen to the sentimental vocalizations of Miss Clara Harrington, and the comic and highly patriotic ditties of Billy O'Neil; or, if you please, to take a grin at the comical niggerisms of Add Weaver, Tim Norton, and Master Barney; or by shifting the scenes, fix your admiring gaze on the sylph-like forms of the ballet troupe, or precise and fascinating terpsichorean movements of Mons. Velarde and Signorita Anita Galetti, and if any of the above don't suit you, you must be fastidious indeed; if they don't, why wait, Micawber like, for something to turn up to your satisfaction, which will not be long, for the scenes are ever changing and ever new. Business last week was not up to that of the week preceding.

Our Minstrel friends still continue to wend their way to Albion's shore. On Saturday, June 8th, James Unsworth and Master Eugene will sail from here in the steamship Edinburgh, for England. They go to see the big metropolis, and, if a favorable opportunity offers, will perform there. Unsworth will be a new character in London, for of all the Minstrels in that country, we doubt if there is one that can compare with Unsworth in his peculiar line. As an "Irish Nigger," or "Irish-Italian" opera singer, he is immense; he is equally good in his stump speeches, advancing ideas and suggestions which may not be without benefit and instruction to Lords Palmerston and John Russell. In banjo singing, he is also a big card, and always gives something fresh. Master Eugene is the celebrated delineator of female Ethiopian character; his voice and make up are such as to render it almost impossible to detect that he is not what he represents. In dancing, he is one of the best in the profession. His singing and acting are also of a high order. These two performers make quite a show themselves. We recommend them to the favorable notice of the London public.

Billy Birch, "our gay young gambulier," took a benefit at Lloyd's Minstrel hall, on Thursday evening, May 30, and we are glad to say that there was a good house. In addition to the regular troupe, a portion of Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels appeared, having very kindly volunteered their services. On the other nights, business has been very bad.

Mr. Eddy commenced a six nights engagement at the New Bowery, this, Monday, evening. He opens with Hamlet.

Gen. Tom Thumb, is enjoying a fair share of public patronage at Hope Chapel. Mr. Greary, vocalist, and his daughter Miss Mina Greary, soprano, with Mr. Tomlin and W. De Vere, assist the General in giving quite an interesting entertainment.

Henry C. Cornell, of Company G, Ellsworth Zouaves, and formerly an assistant stage carpenter and scene shifter at some of our city theatres, was killed at his post by a fire from the rebels, at Alexandria, on the night of the 31st ult.

Eaton Stone has his tent erected in Jones' Woods, and is giving exhibitions with his trained buffaloes and antelopes. The buffaloes are quite docile and obedient, and have have been brought to their present state of submission by friendly "coercion" on the part of Eaton.

Among the passengers per steamer State of Georgia, from Fort Monroe, which arrived here on the afternoon of the 2d inst., were Mr. Geo. Ross, and W. T. B. Van Orden, Manager of Nixon's Royal Circus, with Captain H. W. King, captain of the brig Black Squall, on board of which the equestrian establishment was shipped, from St. Jago de Cuba, when wrecked off Cape Hatteras, (Ocracoke Inlet,) on the 9th of April last. They left St. Jago on the 24th of March, and after a stormy time of it for sixteen days, were wrecked at the above locality. Wm. Nixon was the only performer drowned. Nero, was the only one of their celebrated stud of horses, including the mare Zaidee, that was not drowned.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Isaac Wrigley, a comic vocalist and writer, died at his residence, at No. 31, Ravald street, Manchester, Eng., at ten o'clock Monday morning, May 13th, after a severe illness and suffering, of consumption, most patiently borne.

Herr Lengel, wild beast tamer, is a volunteer in the 19th Regiment National Guards, of Philadelphia, now encamped near Fort McHenry, Baltimore. The wild beast tamer will now have a glorious chance to exercise his art in the Southern country.

On the occasion of the benefit of H. E. Church, on the 27th ult., at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, a silver cup was given to the best dancer, in a trial dance in the minstrel scene. Those who put in for the cup were Misses Reso Hill, Emma Bayland, Fanny Bayland, and Stella Mason. Stella won the cup, and received it with Masonic honors.

At Warsaw, it is said that the Poles, having resolved in their present affliction to abstain from play going, the government determined to send the inhabitants, in turn, tickets for the theatres, and, in the event of their not using them, to cause arrests to be made. May be our managers might secure large audiences by adopting this plan. Who knows?

In Philadelphia, both the Walnut and Arch Street Theatres are now closed for dramatic performances. The Arch closed several weeks ago; the Walnut tried the sensation patriotic drama for a while, but last week even that failed to draw, and the dramatic season closed on the 1st of June. This week, Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels take possession of the Walnut, and give a series of their excellent entertainments.....McDonough's Olympic is still going on, giving light entertainments, with Harry Chapman in the principal parts.....At Sanford's Opera House, Mrs. Place got in the wrong place, and gave up after one night. The house is now closed.....Frank Rivers closed his Melodeon on the 1st inst., and starts at once on his travelling campaign, opening at New Haven, Conn., on the 4th inst.....There are several concert saloons still open in Philadelphia, but they are doing little or nothing. At "Head Quarters," Miss Anna Sinclair, Willie Blanch, Miss Rosa Blanch, Jim Flake, and Bill Laconta are performing. At the "Metropolitan," Emma Ward, Annie Lee, M. C. Monroe, and Morris Edmonds. At the Grotto, Hugh Morton, Miss Rose Valiant, and others. At Long's Varieties M'lle. La Folle, Anna Rush, Little Ella, Dick Parker, Mat Greble, Bob Shepherd, and John Landis; although we see John Landis advertised to perform at a saloon in New York. How's that? Is John able to take two turns a night in cities nearly one hundred miles apart?

Charley Whitney, of Spalding & Rogers' Circus, was married on the 25th ult., to a young lady of Albany. She is said to be accomplished, and in the possession of "spondulics;" she does not belong to the profession. It is thought that Charley will shake the show business; that is, providing the "spons" are all right on the part of the party of the first part.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels opened at Montreal on the 21st ult., to a very large audience. The company is well spoken of by the local press. "Christy's Minstrels" (Wm.) had been there, but left a bad impression.

Wambold & Co's Menagerie and Whitby's N. Y. National Circus, travelling as a combination concern, make a stand on the Public Garden, Boston, June 3d, 4th, and 5th.

Dollie Dutton is still giving levees in Mercantile Hall, Boston.

Miss Fanny Denham was performing at Buckeye Hall, Fremont, Ohio, on the 25th ult. On that evening "The Returned Volunteer," "The King's Gardener," and "In and Out of Place," comprised the bill of the play, Miss Fanny taking the leading female, as well as some male characters. Messrs. J. W. Jennings, W. A. Rouse, L. Smythe, J. W. Mack, S. Smith, and Miss Wilmot were also there.

Shorey, Reynolds & Thomas' Minstrels were to close in St. John, N. B., on the 28th ult.; then to Halifax.

The following well-written letter, from a St. Louis correspondent, will be read with interest by the profession, giving, as it does, a record of the present state of the drama in that city:—"ST. LOUIS, May 26, 1861.—FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:*—Appreciating the fact that the CLIPPER is *par excellence*, the general source of information in all theatrical and amusement matters, and having more leisure than is agreeable, I thought I would employ a little of it this morning in posting you in present affairs of this city. You have long since informed your readers of the inglorious close of Manager Cowell's 'winter season,' which might have been anticipated from the opening. His company was weak in every particular, and contrasted badly even with De Bar's, which had just left, and then Mr. Cowell was sick most of the time. It is useless to draw comparisons, for in no one point was his *corps* equal to the former company; and, even as it was, it became worse, and lingering'y died out! De Bar opened his spring season with his New Orleans Company, and Mrs. Waller as the star; but the political excitement was too high for the theatre, and he, finally, was obliged to succumb to it on the 10th, for the house was deserted. The principal members immediately left. Chas. Pope went to Buffalo, Mr. Riley to Chicago, A. Read and wife to Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. Hind into rusticity, and Mrs. Perren retired to private life for *family reasons*. In the meantime, Mark Smith, A. H. Davenport, and Mrs. Leighton, arrived from New Orleans, and a joint stock company was formed with the aid of De Bar and the remaining members of his late stock, who opened on Monday, the 20th, in the 'Poor Gentleman,' with Mark as Sir Robert; Dolly, as Frederick; Ben De Bar, as Dr. Ollapod; McClannin, as Humphrey; Laura Honey, as Emily, &c., and *the* favorite of St. Louis, Mrs. Leighton, as 'an object of interest.' The audience was fair, so was the acting and impression good. Mrs. Leighton, as Fanny Gribbles, fairly convulsed the house with her irresistible drollery. Since then, the improvement of the business has been visible every night, and the result of the first week may be set down as a success. Mark Smith's benefit on Friday night was decidedly good. It is lucky for the '*Chief of the Cocktail Guards*' that there is *one* place North of New Orleans where he can employ a portion of his time until he returns to his *Southern Love*. I fancy that in New York both himself and 'Dolly' were *mark-ed* men. *Owen* to a most *uncalled* for display of military ardor against their homes, friends, relatives, their country, and their natural proclivities *Interest*, and an ambition for local popularity, no doubt prompted the move, which, I incline to believe, will prove more notorious than they desire or anticipated. *Nous verrons*.....It is said that Wm. M. Foster has taken a small company to Cairo, to enliven the monotony of the Soldier's Life at 'Camp Defiance.' If the rivers continue to rise much more, they will be able to play the 'Cataract of the Ganges,' with *real water* and unheard of effects, to their hearts' content..... The St. Louis Opera House—the most elegant theatre in the city—is shrouded in silent darkness, and the late manager, Boernstein, who is now *Colonel* of the Second Regiment of Volunteers, is hard at work every day, drilling his new *corps militaire* for the *life-drama* which has begun, and will be continued on a scale of grandeur never before witnessed! Who doubts its success?.....The New Varieties Saloon is getting along very well—plenty of fun, good refreshments, and good order.....The Bowery Concert Saloon still attracts a large share of the *greens* and *roughs* of its peculiar location, and I dare say is making money all the time..... The Melodeon is converted into Military Quarters and the Star Spangled Flag floats gaily over its walls. '*Long may it wave!*'..... Dupree & Green's Minstrels lately paid us a visit, but I doubt if the business paid, and, to say the truth, we have had half-a dozen better companies here this season, and some worse—*perhaps* Secessionism is down in St. Louis, dare not show a *sign!* The capture of 'Camp Jackson' gave the *coup de grace* to the traitors. *Tout a vous*, ROVER.'

It will be seen by our Baltimore correspondence, that Johnny Winans, son of the late comedian of that name, died in Baltimore on the 25th May, from the effects of the accident on the preceding day.

Van Amburgh's agents were in Schenectady last week: also, Bill Juce, of Madigan's show: and S. N. Wilder and Charley Whitney of Spalding & Rogers' Circus.

Madigan's show spread their tent in Albany on the 27th ult., but, a sudden gale came upon them, and carried away their tent, destroying their centre pole. Spalding & Rogers' boss canvasman, Mr. McCormick, happened to be present, and loaned them his pole, and thus enabled Hank to give his entertainment. We are always glad to record such acts of professional kindness, and trust that hereafter one company will render assistance to another when in distress. There is no reason why our circus friends should be bucking against each other continually. Spalding & Rogers will show in Albany on the 31, 4th, and 5th; West Troy, 6th; Troy, 7th and 8th; Schenectady, 10th; etc.

Show business is down in Baltimore. A friend now in that city, and one who keeps himself well advised of movements in the profession, gives us the following somewhat doleful account of amusements in that city:—"Baltimore, May 29th, 1861. FRANK QUEEN—Dear Sir: The following reliable account of the show business will no doubt be acceptable to you. Holliday Street Theatre is still open, but business bad. We have since learned that the Holliday is closed.—ED. Continental Concert Saloon, ditto. Pagoda still closed, and likely to remain so. The Melodeon closed—for repairs is stated on a card pasted on the door, but the true reason is bad business—on Tuesday, the 28th. The proprietor had his company at the Washington Theatre for two weeks, and did a fair business. On Monday, the 27th, the company returned, but although such cards as Hernandez, Ned Berry, Max Irwin, and others, were advertised, a bad house was the result. This so discouraged the manager that he took a sudden resolution to close, and await better times. He talks of going to Washington again next week.....Hernandez and Max Irwin have gone to New York to play an engagement in that city.....Berry is engaged with Geo. J. Deagle, of St. Louis, and will leave for that city in a few days.....Johnny Winans, who was accidentally shot on the 24th, died on the following day, and was buried in the congressional burying ground in Washington. Poor Johnny is universally regretted; his quiet, unassuming, obliging disposition made him a favorite with every one.....Forrester, the man who opened the Summer Garden here, is not represented in his proper colors in your issue of two weeks ago; he is said to have lost $450—that is all bosh; he was only eight days at the head of that concern; that is, deducting the four nights it was closed by the authorities on account of the riot. Mr. Anderson lent him $150 (which has not been returned to him), that paid $80 for two weeks rent, and the balance, $70 paid the people's fare from New York to Baltimore. Now, when we consider that Forrester owes $30 for printing, and only paid about $50 altogether to the performers during his eight nights propr

up. DeGrote & Ryan's company open in Janesville on the 3d, where Mr. Ryan joins them. The Nelson sisters are the stars. The opposition theatre, the Academy, have engaged Collins and Susan Denin for the present week.

A. Choi, Assistant Adjutant of the French Legion, at New Orleans, and a popular amateur actor of the French Dramatic Company there, plays comedy on Sunday, sells "French books" during the week, cracks jokes, and is said to be prepared to "fight the enemies of the Crescent City." The next we may have to record of him, perhaps, will be some of our Union boys cracking a joke on his head with a rifle ball.

In our issue of last week we noticed that a whale was on exhibition at the Aquarial Gardens, Boston. He measured fourteen feet in length, and was captured at River du Loup for the proprietor of the gardens, at an expense of $400, in addition to which is to be added $400 for freight by special train through to Boston. We are told that a tank is made especially for his whaleship, of 1½ inch plate glass, and having pipes from the reservoir at a heavy cost.

At the Gayety Theatre, Albany, a drama entitled "The Fall of the Inquisition, or the Orange Girl of Venice," was produced on the 30th ult. On the 31st, Mr. Allen took his benefit.

Robinson & Co.'s Show was in Toronto on the 24th ult. They struck tent and left on the 25th.

The "Declaration of Independence" has been set to a chant by John E. Wilson, of Baltimore, Md. It is intended as a great National chant, or hymn of freedom.

We have a letter from Texas, probably the last we shall receive from that "infected district" for some time, owing to the discontinuance of the mail in seceded states. It is dated "Galveston, May 17th, 1861. FRIEND QUEEN: Not having seen any show news from here in your paper for some time, allow me to send you a few items. The theatre here died a natural death, and some of the actors have gone to the wars, and others home. Wallis, English, Ryder and Gobay remain here yet. J. R. Madden is Orderly Sergeant of an artillery company, and G. V. M. Ryder, fifer.....The new ball (Perkin's) at Houston is finished, and a company playing under the management of Wm. A. Clark, a perfect gentleman, and a good actor. He is doing well considering the times. Mrs. Maggie McMillan, singing chambermaid; Miss Emma Walker, leading; Mrs. Wallace and Campbell, juvenile; J. J. Wallace, G. L. Howard, J. Bruciani, A. H. Campbell, Con Murphy, E. Beaver, W. A. Clark and Jennings constitute the company. The hall is fitted up in the best style; scenery new, designed and painted by Mr. J. C. Evans, a talented young artist from New Orleans. Mr. Clark had a benefit on the 15th; 'Money' and 'Family Jars' were played to a crowded house. He intends to keep open about two weeks longer, when he will commence preparations for next fall. He will be in New York about September for a first class company.....There has been no circus here this winter, and I guess there never will be any more, for I never heard of one making anything in Texas yet.....Mr. J. C. Evans, scenic artist, was united in the holy bands of matrimony to Miss Emma Walker, leading lady of the Houston Theatre, last Sunday, May 12th. GEORGE."

Kincade & Co.'s Varieties' company were to have started on their travels from Mansfield, Ohio, on the 1st inst. Among the members of the concern are E. Kincade and his three boys, acrobatic and gymnastic performers; Robert Carter and his two trained dogs; C. C. Eisler, banjoist, and leader of the minstrels; Madame Gardner, danseuse, etc. etc.

Since the R. Sands circus left Chicago on the 6th of May, they have travelled alternately in Illinois and Wisconsin. They showed at Beloit, Wis., and Rockford, Ill., week before last. The company is the same as recenly announced by us, with the exception of Miss Julia Price, who is with Bunnell, the side show proprietor. The band attached to the circus has as its leader, Billy Post; he has with him John Freeman, better known as old Ironsides, formerly leader of the Pennsylvania Band, Philadelphia; Billy De Hart, "the Count," is also in the band. On the 3d of June, the circus will show in Galena, Ill., and on the 4th in Dubuque, Iowa. Our correspondent, writing from Monroe, Wis., says that on the 26th of May, two of the volunteers stationed there met with untimely deaths; one was struck by lightning, and the other was drowned.

Show business is so wretched throughout the country that Sam Sanford's Opera Troupe, of Philadelphia, now at Pittsburgh, have concluded to give up their travelling engagements, return to Philadelphia, and disband for the season. Sanford's company has been performing at the Pittsburgh Theatre, but business has been very bad with them, indeed. By advertisement in another column, it will be seen that manager Sanford relinquishes all engagements for the summer season.

The little theatre at Annapolis is represented as having done very well since its re opening on the 29th of April. It has progressed without the aid of stars. Miss Marion Macarthy has made herself quite a favorite there, and Miss Jennie Hight, danseuse, is also well spoken of. Felix Vincent's benefit was not well attended, the Antonio Circus playing against him. Of course one actor cannot draw against forty horses. B. Macauley's benefit on the 20th was good. On the 23d Mr. Macauley appeared as Richelieu.

Henry S. Bakus, the "Saugerties Bard," died in the Kingston, N. Y., jail, on the 29th ult. He was a schoolmaster, originally, afterwards a drummer, fifer, fiddler, poet, and ballad peddler, jointly and severally, and closed his career by being sent to jail as a vagrant, just in time to die under a roof. Such is life, and death.

We have some additional particulars of the death and burial of Dick Sliter, the celebrated jig dancer. Dick was last performing with Booker's Minstrels in Michigan. He died quite unexpectedly on Tuesday, May 21st, at the Hibbard House, in Jackson, Mich., of congestion. He danced on the Saturday evening previous, and complained then of his right leg paining him. On the following day, Sunday, 19th, he was unable to leave his bed. During the day he requested the violinist of the troupe, who was with him at the time, to play "Sounds from Home." It was played for him, and poor Dick seemed much affected. He also requested Tommy Jefferson to play a favorite jig for him on the banjo. That was the last jig the dancer ever listened to. On the Saturday previous, he had some bills printed announcing the "Last Night of Dick Sliter," alluding to his last appearance in Jackson, for he intended, as he said, to rest awhile, and that he expected soon to be homeward bound. Alas! it was too true, he was homeward bound in earnest, to that home where he will find eternal rest. On Monday, 20th, he was advertized to appear in Adrian. The company went there to keep their appointment, but Dick was left behind, being unable to get out of his bed. The Doctor said he thought he would be all right the next day; but the next day, Tuesday, 21st, Mr. Booker received a dispatch that Sliter was dying, and before he could reach Jackson, Dick had breathed his last. The company did not perform that night, but on the following morning returned to Jackson to pay the last sad duties to the remains of a departed friend and brother. The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon, 22d. The body was conveyed to the City Cemetery, and there interred in a lot purchased by Mr. Booker for the sad occasion. It is a beautiful spot, and it is hoped the profession will do something towards placing a monument over the remains of the once dashing jig dancer. Booker's Minstrels acted as pall bearers. They were eight in number, wearing caps with red, white, and blue bands, and also wearing the usual badge of mourning. Over his grave they sang the beautiful piece entitled "Let Me Kiss Him for his Mother." Rev. D. T. Grinnell conducted the funeral services. At a meeting of Booker's Minstrels, held at the Hibbard House, Jackson, Wednesday evening, May 22d, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by the company:—

Whereas, Kind Providence has taken from our midst our most esteemed friend and brother professional, R. H. Sliter, Therefore,

Resolved, That in our acquaintance with him, we have learned to respect him as a gentleman, as an ornament to the social circle, and as an honor to the profession.

Resolved, That we sympathise with his widowed mother and afflicted children of the deceased, in their untimely loss, and tender them our sincere condolence in their affliction.

Resolved, That we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, in respect to his memory, and that these resolutions be published, and a copy of them sent to his widowed mother, and the children of the deceased. Johnny Booker, Manager; R. J. Lane, T. H. Jefferson, A. C. Stone, C. A. Shattuck, H. Heck, J. E. Hartel, and Sam Pond, Agent.

Booker's Minstrels have disbanded for the present.

Sanford's Ethiopian Troupe performed at Pittsburgh, Pa., last week, at the theatre, to admiring audiences.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., is doing tolerably well. Thomas Jefferson, late of Booker & Evart's Minstrels, has recently joined the company there.

Miss E. Anderson, daughter of the wizard, had her arm broken in two places, at Belleville, C. W., on the 24th, while viewing the athletic games; the hammer being thrown, it missed and struck her.

Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn, continue to float along on the tide of success. Business is represented to have been more than moderately good the past week. The attractions are immense, new scenes and acts being constantly introduced by Mr. Boardwell, the untiring manager of this favorite establishment of the Brooklynites.

Miss Charlotte Cushman performed at Providence, R. I., on the 3d inst.

The Queen's birthday, at Toronto, C. W., passed off with an unusual amount of amusement. Robinson's Circus gave two performances at the Royal Lyceum. They had a crowded house in the evening.

The Holman Parlor Opera Troupe open at Toronto, C. W., on the 18th inst.

Duprez & Green's Opera Troupe was at Newark, O., on the 31st ult. They did not go to Hannibal as they announced, owing to the pressure of the times. They understood also that another company was in that vicinity.

Miss Edith Mitchell made her first appearance before a California audience at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, and was favorably received. On the 11th ult. a new piece, written expressly for her, styled "Edith of Pennsylvania," was performed. The scene is founded on the Revolution, and illustrates the hardships endured by our forefathers in their struggle for Independence.

The United States Circus showed at Gilroy, Cal., on the 11th ult.

Mrs. Julia Deane Hayne and troupe appeared in "The Hunchback" at Nevada, Cal., on the 7th ult.

Harry Leslie took a benefit at Albany Gaities on the 31st ult. He is now in New York.

The Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers gave a series of exhibitions at Chatham Four Corners last week.

This evening, June 3d, Adah Isaacs Menken commences an engagement at the Green-street Theatre, Albany, when she will introduce her trained horses to the notice of the public, appearing in the beautiful play of Mazeppa. Miss Menken has done a very fair business during her recent engagements, as an evidence of which we find that the managers for whom she performed, have engaged her to return and perform other engagements. At the close of her Albany engagement she will return to the Pittsburgh, taking with her the horses. We are glad to find that Miss M. is giving unmistakable evidences of industry and energy in the prosecution of her calling, and we hope the improvements she has recently made, and their accompanying good results, may incite her to still greater efforts to make for herself a prominent position in the profession.

On the 30th ult., Signor Blitz, Jr., performed in Belfast, Me., and on the two following days in Rockland. On the 4th and 5th, he is to be in Portsmouth, N. H.

Edwin Booth was to have a benefit at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 31st ult., when "Brutus" and "Don Cæsar de Bazan" were the pieces to be enacted.

Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels, consisting of seventeen performer's, leave Halifax, N. S., for England, on the 13th inst.

The Martinetti Troupe opened under canvas at Sacramento, Cal., on the 8th ult. They will make a complete tour of the Northern portion of the State.

Dr. Bassett's United States Circus were to give two entertainments at Stockton, Cal., on the 6th and 7th ult.

The Olympic Music Hall, Newark, N. J., has been doing a pretty fair business, all things considered. It is now in its third week, and bids fair to become an institution of that city.

The following items, in condensed form, give the theatrical doings in Great Britain, up to latest dates:—Miss Amy Sedgwick commenced an engagement at the Olympic Theatre, London, Eng., opening as Lady Teazle, on the 20th ult.....Adelina Patti made her *debut* to an English audience, at the Royal Opera, on the 14th ult....At the Pavilion, London, Eng., J. B. Howe was doing the leading business....That troupe of feminine niggers, the Female Christy Minstrels, were performing at the City Hall, Glasgow, Scotland.....The Buckleys enjoyed a successful run at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, Eng., and then gave way to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul.....The "Colleen Bawn" was produced at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, Eng., on the 6th ult.; Mr. John Drew appearing as Myles-na Coppaleen, and Mrs. John Sloan as the Colleen.....Father Kemp and his company were performing at Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Eng., but with indifferent success.....Gardiner Coyne concluded his engagement at Cork, Ireland, on the 18th ult.....Miss Julia Daly appeared at the Theatre Royal, Halifax, on the 10th ult., in "Our Female American Cousin."

From Melbourne, Australia, up to date of March last, we have the following movements in theatrical circles:—Mr. Brooke had been starring in the country, with Miss Avonia Jones. They were soon to sail for England.....The great dramatic event of the day has been the *debut* of Sir William and Lady Don, at the Theatre Royal.....Miss Annie Lockhart and Mr. Stuart O'Brien also made their appearance at the Theatre Royal with success.....The Princess' has found a star in Madame Marie Duret, who appeared in "The Octoroon." This play was followed by "The Colleen Bawn." Both are successes, the latter especially, with Mr. Charles Wheatleigh, Miss Rosa Dunn, and Miss Fanny Young in the principal characters.

Mrs. Barrow's company is at New Bedford, Mass., performing to moderate business. Two of the members of the company came nigh "kicking the bucket" the early part of last week. They were C. T. Nichols and G. G. Turner, who were severely poisoned by dogwood trees, brought into the theatre to be used in "Guy Mannering." We take pleasure in stating, however, that they are now in a fair way to recover.

E. W. Marston, the comedian, we hear, is shortly to leave the stage to go into the soap business. Soap is the stuff.

Yankee Leffler is at New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. Hermann Vezin, wife of the esteemed actor at the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng., died on Sunday, May 12th, after a long illness. Mrs. Hermann Vezin, who had enjoyed some celebrity as an actress in America and on the Continent, appeared at the Surrey Theatre two years ago, and made a very favorable impression. The deceased, who was in her forty-second year, breathed her last in a state of unconsciousness, and was thus happily spared much pain.

Harry Pell, a very clever delineator of negro character, is still at Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn, where he has made himself hosts of friends.

Frank S. Finn has been down East, in Maine, giving his readings and recitations. During the trip he came very near being counted out. He fell into the river, close to the falls, and there being no help at hand, it was only by the most strenuous exertions that he was enabled to get out of trouble. Had he gone over the Falls, which are very high, Finn would have increased the number of flus in the turbulent waters thereabout. As it was, he managed to wriggle himself out of the watery element. Webster Finn, brother to Frank, is now in Valparaiso, in business, and is also manager of an amateur dramatic company. Some time since they gave a benefit in aid of the sufferers by the Earthquake at Mendoza, by which they realized $300. A sister of the Nelson sisters (Miss Marie Nelson), who happened to be shipwrecked near Valparaiso, volunteered for the benefit. The bill was "Mons. Jacques," and "Blighted Being;" H. W. Finn, as Jacques, and Job. The tickets were sold at $1,50.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Avenue
42-3m* HARRY EAMES, President.

AVONITE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—This club manages to keep in working order, and have in rehearsal "Last Legs," "Fireman of New York," and "The Rough Diamond." The Bandbox, recently made vacant by the Garibaldi Guard, is being renovated, and when ready, it is more than probable that the Avonites will show there.

RACING IN UTAH.—The first race this spring at Fort Crittenden, Utah Territory, came off on the 23d. It was a match against time, a five year old to run five and a half miles in twelve minutes, for $1000. Betting was brisk on both sides. The pony started at 12 o'clock, and passed the winning pole at nine minutes and fifteen seconds past 12, being two minutes and forty-five seconds ahead of time.

OLD DUTCH SAM took passage in the ship Southampton, for London, on the 24th ult. Old Tovee was with him for several days, to see the old 'un off. Sam took his entire family with him, including Young Sam's wife. Young Sam is now in London, matched to fight Gallagher.

CRICKET IN ENGLAND.—Eleven professional players of Surrey, played fourteen gentlemen on the 13th and 14th ult. at the Oval and beat them by seven wickets. Griffith made a splendid score of 57, and drove one ball clear out of the enclosure, in a style even grander than Carpenter's great six hit on the same ground. H. H. Stephenson made 30 in his first innings, and carried his bat out in both. Caffyn was caught for 18 and got eight wickets by his bowling.

A CANINE VS. A DEFUNCT FELINE.—Two gentlemen of this city, well known for their fancy for cats and dogs, a few days ago got into a dispute about the relative destructive powers of the two races of animals. The dogfancier had a dog which he boasted could kill any cat in the country in five minutes. His opponent, and a patron of cats, possessed one of the *felis* species that no dog could kill in ten minutes. Finally, to settle the dispute, a bet was made of twenty-seven dollars (all the loose change the cat man had,) on the fight—time, ten minutes. The preliminaries were all settled, and the combat was fixed for the next day. Punctual to appointment, early in the morning, the dog man appeared on the battle ground with three or four ferocious-looking bull dogs. The cat man was also found ready to meet his appointment.

The latter had prepared a tight box, with a movable cover, into which he had placed the cat. The judges gathered round the spot, and when all was declared ready, the cat fighter proceeded to raise the cover. But to the astonishment of the man with the cat-eating dogs, puss failed to come to time. Stepping up to the box with a suspicious air, he discovered that he was badly sold—the cat was dead! Chagrinned at the trick, the proprietor of the dogs addressed the other:—

"If you are mean enough to claim those stakes, take them."

The proprietor of the cats did take them, and the proprietor of the dogs left discomfited.

HOW TO SWIM A HORSE.—The rider should take up and cross his stirrups, to prevent the horse from entangling himself with them. He should quit the *bit rein*, and scarcely feel the bridle, and any attempt to guide the horse must be done by the slightest touch possible. He should lean his chest as much over the horse's withers as he can, and hold the mane to prevent the rush of water carrying him backward. If the horse appears distressed, a man who cannot swim may with safety hold the mane and throw himself out flat on the water, thereby relieving the horse from his weight. When the horse comes into his depth he may again drop into the saddle.

THICK SOLED BOOTS VS. CONSUMPTION.—The town clerk of Newton, Mass., in his report of the sanitary condition of the town, says:—

"The number of deaths by consumption has usually been about one fourth of the whole; the past year but fourteen, a favorable change in the leading disease of New England. The favorable result of the change from thin to thick soles on the boots and shoes of our females is already visible. Should the recent fashion of thin soles again be attempted, it is hoped the ladies of Newton will stand firm on their thick soles."

It would be as well perhaps, if our New York ladies, and many of the gentlemen, too, for that matter, would take a lesson from the above, and not neglect its practice.

MEMORY.—Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of the power of memory is one related of an English actor, named Wm. Lyon; who wagered a crown bowl of punch that he would repeat a Daily Advertiser, a paper then crammed with advertisements, from beginning to end. The next morning, notwithstanding the want of connection between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos which goes to make up the composition of a newspaper, he repeated the contents line for line, without the least hesitation or mistake.

A FLEWING MACHINE.—A patent for a "flewing machine," as Dan Bryant would say, has just been taken out by J. K. Smythes. It consists of a very light steam engine and boiler, which are to operate a huge pair of wings. Instead of using coal for fuel, he proposes to employ a liquid hydrocarbon, such as oil, in order to obtain great heat with a very limited weight.

A BIG WEEK'S WAGES.—The Town Talk Company, at Howard's Hill, near Grass Valley, Cal., cleaned up twelve sluice boxes, some time ago, from which the company realized the handsome little sum of $7,000, the proceeds of a week's labor.

COULDN'T DO IT.—"I say, Bill," said one boy to another, "give me that candy, and I'll make it come out of my ears like Blitz did last night at the theatre." Second youth shells over the candy. First youth very deliberately eats the candy; second youth very deliberately watches the little fellow's ears, who after drawing himself into every conceivable shape, said: "Well, if I ain't forgot how to do the rest as sure as rags."

CRICKET.

ST. GEORGE VS. EAST NEW YORK.—The first contest this season between these clubs took place at East New York, on Thursday, May 30th, the result being a victory for the St. George eleven, with seven wickets to fall. The day was exceedingly fine, and the wickets well pitched, the ground having been properly prepared. Unfortunately, the day had been appointed by the military authorities for a parade of the 70th Regiment, and consequently the cricketers were continually annoyed by the movement of the troops of cavalry across the ground; in addition to which, in the afternoon the regiment of volunteers came on the field to practise their evolutions. Take it altogether the game may fairly be considered as an illustration of the "pursuit of *cricket* under difficulties," and consequently it would not be fair to criticise the play of either side very closely, especially in regard to the fielding operations. The game began at 11 45 A. M., Stacey and Hudson going to the bat, on the part of East New York—they winning the toss—the bowling being in charge of Messrs. Gibbes and Walker. Stacey opened play with a good hit to leg for 2, but in the next over he was run out, the ball being well fielded in to Bainbridge, at wicket, who rattled the stumps down in double quick time. North was next, and soon began to show his qualities as a free hitter. He gave a chance to P. Robinson, which that fine fielder failed to accept. North got off several fine hits to leg for twos and threes, and then succumbed to Waller, being followed by C. Stokes, who drove the first ball he received to long field for three; this he followed up with a good leg hit for two, and another for three, when Gibbes found out a weak spot in his play, and suddenly changing his length, caused Charley to "pop one up," which Gibbes accepted. Bull had previously taken Hudson's place, the latter losing his off stump to Gibbes for a score of 6—a leg hit for 2 and singles. The 4th wicket had fallen for 33, and the 5th fell for the same figures, Bull being caught, off Waller's bowling, by Gibbes, after getting a leg hit for 2, and a single. Andrews took Stokes' place, and Hoagland that of Bull. Andrews did some pretty effective batting, his score being the best of the match, his figures showing a 4 drive, 3 threes, drives and a leg hit, 3 twos and 4 singles; total 23. Hoagland slipped a ball for two, and was then bowled by Waller, his wicket falling for 37. Bedford followed him, and made a neat hit to point for 2, when Gibbes served him as he did Stokes, and up went the ball, Gibbes catching it. Cuyp now took the bat and soon began to add runs to the score in style; in fact, we never saw him bat better than on this occasion. He marked his score with two fine drives for 3 each, and 2 twos, leg hits, and had run up twelve when he was run out, the ball being capitally fielded in by Ayres, and well handled at the wicket by Bainbridge, who throughout was very active and efficient as wicket keeper. Reid took Cuyp's place, and had marked his score with a good hit to leg for 3, when he popped up a ball which Bainbridge held, and retired in favor of Miller, who allowed Walker's first ball to rattle his stumps down. This closed the innings, Andrews carrying his bat out after playing in first rate style for nearly an hour. The fielding of the St. George side in this innings was very good, considering; that of Walker, P. Robinson, and Ayres being worthy of remark. Burnett, too, long stopped capitally, only one bye being scored.

At 1.15 P. M. the St. George eleven took the bat, Waller and Lang being their representatives, Cuyp and Andrews being the bowlers opposed to them. Waller opened play with a good hit to leg for 2, and then retired, a fine ball from Cuyp being the cause. Bainbridge was next, but not being accustomed to a left hand bowler, he managed to intercept a ball with his foot instead of his bat, and he retired in favor of Gibbes, before adding to the score. Gibbes and Lang now got well in together, and were rapidly changing the complexion of the score, when an interruption in the field occurred, and the parties adjourned for dinner. In an hour afterwards the game was resumed, Walker taking Lang's place, the latter having to go to town on business. Before he left he had run up a score of 12, a fine drive for 5 and a leg hit for 2 being a conspicuous part of it. Gibbes had obtained a score of 17 during the 20 minutes he was in, consisting of a drive for 4 and 3, a leg hit for 3, 2 twos, and singles, when a ball from Andrews took his off stump, and he retired in favor of Burnett. The 21 wicket had fallen for 10, and the 3d for 47. Walker, who had taken Lang's place, scored 5 singles, and then lost his off stump, Andrews being the bowler. Burnett ran up a good score of 10, marked by a leg hit for 4 and a drive for 3, and then retired, being caught by Cuyp off Andrews. The remainining five players only added three runs to the score, the last wicket falling for 70 runs, 49 only of which were off the bat.

In this innings it will be seen that 21 byes and wides were scored, 18 byes being charged to Stacey's long stopping. The bowling being fast, the ground uneven, and the long stop out of practice, partly accounts for this, but still it contrasts very unfavorably with that on the other side. There is one part of the general play of the East New York Club which requires improvement, and that is their fielding. It will be found by experience that saving runs is equally as important a part of cricket as the capacity to make them; besides, good fielding is the attractive feature of the game. Constant practice alone will make a club efficient in this particular. C. Stokes was the only one that really fielded well on the part of East New York; all occasionally did well, but he was always efficient. North played well at the wicket, but has a habit of standing in front of the wicket when expecting a ball from the field. A wicket keeper should always have the wicket between him and the ball. In the second innings, Hudson's 23, made up of a 4, drive, a 3, leg hit, 3 twos, and singles; Hoagland's 16, not out, marked by a 3, leg hit and 2 twos; he having two lives, one from Sutton and one from Robinson; Bedford's 12, consisting of a 4 and 3, leg hits, and 2 twos; Bull's 10, marked by 3 twos; and Reed's five singles, in which he gave a chance to Ayres, were the only noticeable scores. Miller got off two good hits for two each; but Cuyp, North, Stokes, Stacey, and Andrews, altogether only added one run to the score. Not a bye or wide was scored. Bedford was beautifully caught at wicket by Lang, and Cuyp was easily stumped out by him. North was prettily caught at long field by Walker, and Phillips did the same very creditably for Stokes. Andrews, too, was well run out through Bainbridge's good play at the wicket. Lang returned in time to do good service at the wicket and bat, his score of 17 in the second innings being a very good one, marked as it was by a 4, leg hit, a 3, drive, and 5 twos, leg hits and drives. Waller also made a good score of 14, made up by a fine cut for 3, 2 twos, and singles. Robinson also scored a good 9, he giving a chance for a catch to Bedford. Robinson was stumped by North, the ball glancing back from his hands to the wicket. Gibbes and Bainbridge carried out their bats, the former scoring 16, consisting of 3 threes, a 2, and singles; and Bainbridge making 8, his last hit being a leg hit for 5 runs, which won the game, which occupied 6 hours in playing.

EAST NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Stacey run out	2	b Gibbes	0
Hudson b Gibbes	6	c Vinton b Waller	23
North b Waller	11	c Walker b Waller	0
C Stokes c and b Gibbes	10	c Phillips b Waller	0
Bull c Gibbes b Waller	3	b Gibbes	10
Andrews not out	23	run out	0
Hoagland b Waller	2	not out	16
Bedford c and b Gibbes	2	c Lang b Waller	12
Cuyp run out	12	st Lang b Gibbes	1
Reid c Bainbridge b Waller	3	b Waller	5
Miller b Waller	0	c and b Gibbes	4
Bye	1	Byes	0
Total	75	Total	71

ST. GEORGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Waller b Cuyp	2	run out	14
Lang not out [retired]	12	b Andrews	17
Bainbridge l b w b Andrews	0	not out	8
Gibbes b Andrews	17	not out	16
Walker b Andrews	5		0
Burnett c Cuyp b Andrews	10		0
Robinson b Cuyp	1	st North b Andrews	9
Ayres b Cuyp	0		0
Wright b Andrews	0		0
Phillips not out	2		0
Vinton b Andrews	0		0
Byes 18, leg byes 1, wides 2	21	Byes 4, l b 2, wides 7, n b 1	14
Total	70	Total	78

Umpires—For St. George, S. Wright; for East New York, Sams.
Scorers—Messrs Ford and Chadwick.

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

St. George—First Innings.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Gibbes	78	33	1	3	0
Waller	75	42	4	5	0
Second Innings.					
Gibbes	88	32	1	4	0
Waller	84	39	2	5	0
East New York—First Innings.					
Cuyp	84	36	4	3	2
Andrews	81	13	5	6	0
Second Innings.					
Cuyp	38	26	1	0	4
Andrews	54	30	1	2	1
Miller	13	8	1	0	1

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB MATCH.—This club played a club match on the 29th ult., the sides being made up from members chosen on the ground, instead of taking them in alphabetical order, as was intended; the departure of military, and the rain in the morning, preventing several from putting in an appearance. It having been the first time for the season that most of them had handled the willow and leather, the heavier sort of play was dispensed with, and matters taken coolly, to avoid as much as possible the stiffness that always succeeds a first day's exercise at cricket. Some good play was exhibited, however, both with the ball and bat; but the fielding, for the most part, was not of a brilliant character. Apart from the skill manifested, the sport was of a most enjoyable nature, and the greetings at this re-union on the tented field were warm indeed, and the faces of those present were clothed in the most good humored smiles, giving evidence that they were well pleased to meet their old associates in cricket. The glorious stars and stripes fluttered in the breeze during the mimic engagement, showing that the assembly was not of a secession stamp, and if there were any of that "strain" there, as our cocking friend, "White Hackle" would say, they neither crowed nor flapped their wings. Among those well known to the cricket world present, were Messrs. Sharp, Higham, Bailliere, Byron, Seeley, Spivey, Upton, Hudson, Sams, Crossley, Sam Wright, and Davis; Messrs. Bull and Briggs, new accessions, and good cricketers, were also there, and took a hand in. The club does not intend, we believe, to enter into anything like grand matches this season, owing to the present war crisis and its concomitant evils, parting with friends, depression in business matters, &c. Club matches will be more likely to be the order of the day, and social gatherings more frequent than those for contest or conquest. May those absent not forget their friends at home, or be forgotten, and may they all, at the close of their important innings on which so much depends, carry their bats out with all the honors.

BALL PLAY.

MATANO VS. NIAGARA.—These crack junior clubs, of Brooklyn, had their first contest this season on Wednesday, the 22d ult., on the grounds of the Matano club, corner of 5th Avenue and Bergen street. The result was a signal victory for the Niagaras, whose score, at the close of the seventh innings, stood 32 to their opponents' 9. There were some two or three hundred spectators on the ground, but the contest was not of a character to attract a large crowd. The play of the parties was pretty good on the whole, considering the early period of the season, and the little practice the clubs have had. In some instances, however, we noticed some first-rate play, and of those who distinguished themselves in this respect, we would name on the part of the Niagaras, Eastmead, for good play as catcher; Ransin, for first class pitching; and Hicks, for good fielding at 1st base; and in batting. McCormick and Voris. On behalf of the Matanos, O'Connor proved himself an effective catcher; Barr played tip-top in the left field; and Young was very active as short stop; Roach and Miles doing their duty well at the bat. Only seven innings were played. The following is the score:—

NIAGARA.			MATANO.		
NAMES.	H.	L. RUNS	NAMES.	H.	L. RUNS.
Eastmead, catcher	5	2	Lowery, 1st base	3	1
Campbell, left field	3	3	Coyle, 3d base	3	0
McCormick, 3d base	3	3	O'Conner, catcher	2	1
Rogers, centre field	3	2	Miles, pitcher	2	2
Ransin, pitcher	2	5	Forker, 2d base	3	1
Voris, short stop	0	6	Smith, right field	3	1
Hicks, 1st base	2	3	Barr, left field	3	0
Haynes, right field	1	5	Roach, centre field	1	2
Weldon, 2d base	1	3	Young, short stop	2	1
Total		32	Total		9

ECKFORD CLUB.—The members of this crack club of Brooklyn had quite a lively and well played game on their ground, on Tuesday the 28th ult., the occasion being a match between the light and heavy weights of the club. The selected nines of these not putting in an appearance, sides were selected by Messrs. Manolt and Grum, who placed those of the first nine present, against the field. The result was quite an interesting contest, the victory of course remaining with the first nine, though they allowed their opponents the privilege of six "outs." The full score, which we give below, contains the particulars of the game, and renders comment unnecessary.

BATTING.

First Nine.			The Field.		
NAMES.	H	L. RUNS.	NAMES.	H	L. RUNS.
Manolt, l f	1	4	Liebenrood, p	2	3
Campbell, 1st b	3	3	A Roach, 2d b	3	2
Beach, c	1	3	McCutcheon, r f	3	1
Grum, p	2	3	French, 1st b	2	2
Woods, 2d b	2	4	Smith, 3d b	3	1
Morse, 3d b	3	2	Ferrall, s s	1	3
Snyder, s s	1	4	McAuslan, c	0	4
Brown, c f	1	3	Stearns, l f	2	1
Ketchum, r f	1	2	Roach, c f	2	2
			McGavan, f	4	0
			Ormsby, f	2	2
Total		28	Total		21

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	
First Nine	5	6	5	1	11	—28
The Field	4	0	6	3	8	—21

FIELDING.

	Fly	B'd	Base	Total		Fly	B'd	Base	Total
Manolt	1	0	1	2	Liebenrood	0	0	0	0
Campbell	3	0	3	6	A Reach	0	1	0	1
Beach	2	7	0	9	McCutcheon	1	0	0	1
Grum	0	2	0	1	French	0	0	2	2
Woods	0	0	0	0	Smith	0	0	1	1
Morse	0	1	0	1	Ferrall	0	0	0	0
Snyder	0	0	0	0	McAuslan	2	4	0	6
Brown	0	1	0	1	Stearns	0	1	0	1
Ketchum	0	3	0	3	Reach	0	2	0	2
					McGavan	0	1	0	1
					Ormsby	0	0	0	0
Total	6	13	4	3	Total	3	9	3	15

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul		Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Manolt	0	1	0	0	0	0	Liebenrood	1	0	0	0	0	1
Campbell	1	0	2	0	0	0	A Reach	0	0	0	0	0	3
Beach	0	0	0	0	0	1	McCutcheon	0	0	1	0	0	1
Grum	0	1	0	0	0	1	French	0	0	1	0	0	1
Woods	0	1	0	0	0	1	Smith	0	0	0	0	0	3
Morse	0	3	0	0	0	0	Ferrall	0	1	0	0	0	0
Snyder	0	0	0	0	0	1	McAuslan	0	0	0	0	0	0
Brown	0	0	0	0	0	1	Stearns	0	2	0	0	0	0
Ketchum	0	0	1	0	0	0	Reach	1	1	0	0	0	0
							McGowan	1	1	1	0	0	1
							Ormsby	0	1	0	0	0	1
Total	1	6	3	0	0	5	Total	3	6	3	0	1	10

Home runs were made by Manolt, McAuslan, A. Reach, Reach and Ormsby.
Struck out—McCutcheon, 1
Umpire—H. Chadwick, of the Atlantic Club.

THE ECKFORD AND ENTERPRISE CLUBS play a home and home match, on the Atlantics' ground at Bedford, L. I., on Wednesday, June 5.

GOTHAM VS. YOUNG ZOUAVE, JUNIORS.—A Base Ball match will be played on Thursday, the 6th inst., between the two above named Clubs, on the grounds of the Gotham, 14th street and 3d avenue, South Brooklyn. Play to commence at 2 o'clock.

ECKFORD VS ENTERPRISE.—These Clubs will play the first grand match of the season, on the grounds of the Atlantic on Gates Avenue, Bedford, L. I., on Wednesday, June 5th, at 3, P. M.

HOBOKEN CLUB.—The Eag

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

Upon the hill he turned
To take the last fond look
Of the valley and the village church
And the cottage by the brook;
He listened to the sounds,
So familiar to his ear,
And the soldier leant upon his sword
And brushed away a tear.

Beside the cottage porch
A girl was on her knees,
She held aloft a snowy scarf,
Which fluttered in the breeze;
She breathed a prayer for him—
A prayer he could not hear—
But he paused to bless her, as she knelt,
And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot:—
Oh, do not deem him weak,
For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
Though tears were on his cheek.
Go watch the foremost rank
In danger's dark career—
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF A MURDER BY THE SAGACITY OF A DOG.

A favorite dog, belonging to an English nobleman, had fallen into disgrace, from an incorrigible habit of annoying the flocks of the neighboring farmers. One of these having, in vain, driven the depredator from his premises, came at length to the offender's master, with a dead lamb under his arm, the victim of the last night's plunder. The nobleman being extremely angry at the dog's transgressions, rang the bell for his servant, and ordered him to be immediately hanged, or in some other way disposed of, so that, on his return from a journey he was about to undertake, he might never see him again. He then left the apartment, and the fate of the dog was for a few hours suspended. The interval, though short, was not thrown away. The condemned animal was sufficiently an adept in the tones of his master's voice, to believe there was any hope left for a reversion of his sentence. He therefore adopted the only alternative between life and death, by making his escape. In the course of the evening, while the same servant was waiting at table, his lordship demanded if his order had been obeyed respecting the dog. "After an hour's search, he is nowhere to be found, my lord," replied the servant. The rest of the domestics were questioned, and their answers were similar. The general conclusion for some days was, that the dog, conscious of being in disgrace, had hid himself in the house of a tenant, or some other person who knew him. A month, however, passed without anything being heard respecting him; it was therefore thought he had fallen into the hands of his late accuser, the farmer, and been hanged for his transgressions.

About a year after, while his lordship was journeying into Scotland, attended only by one servant, a severe storm drove him to shelter under a hovel belonging to a public house, situated at some distance from the road, upon a heath. The tempest continuing, threatening rather to increase than abate, the night coming on, and no house suitable to the accommodation of such a guest, his lordship was at length induced to dismount, and go into the little inn adjoining the shed. On his entrance, an air of surprise and consternation marked the features and conduct of both the innholder and his wife. Confused and incoherent answers were made to common questions; and soon after a whispering took place between the two beforementioned persons. At length, however, the guest was shown into a small parlor, a faggot was thrown on the fire, and such refreshments as the house afforded, were preparing, there being no appearance whatever of more favorable weather allowing them to depart.

As the servant-maid was spreading the cloth, a visible tremor shook her frame, so that it was not without difficulty she performed her office. His lordship noticed a certain strangeness of the whole group, but remembering to have heard his servant mention the words, "my lord," as he alighted from his horse, he naturally imputed this to their having unexpectedly a guest in their house above the rank of those whom they were accustomed to entertain. The awkwardness of intended respect in such cases, and from such persons, will often produce these embarrassments. His lordship having now made up his mind to remain that night, supper was served; when a most unexpected visitor made his appearance. "Good heavens!" exclaimed his lordship, "is it possible I should find my poor dog alive, and in this place? How wonderful! how welcome! He stretched out his hand to caress his long lost favorite; but the dog, after looking earnestly at his ancient master, shrunk from him, and kept aloof, and took the first opportunity of the door being opened to leave the room; but still took his station on the other side of the door, as if watching some expected event.

Of the dog's history, from the time of his elopement, little more resulted from enquiry than that he had one day followed some drovers who came to refresh themselves and their cattle, and that, appearing to be foot-sore with travel, and unable to proceed with his companions, he staid in the house, and had remained there ever since. This account was obtained from the ostler, who added, he was as harmless a creature as any betwixt Scotland and Ireland. His lordship, intending to rise early in the morning, to make up the time thus sacrificed to the night, which was still stormy, ordered the servant to show him to his chamber. As he passed the common room which communicated with the parlor, he noticed the innkeeper and his wife in earnest discourse with three men, muffled up in horsemen's coats, who seemed to have just come from buffeting the tempest, and not a little anxious to counteract its effects; for both the landlord and his wife were filling their glasses with spirits. His lordship, on going to his chamber after the maid and his own servant, heard a fierce growl, as from the top of the stairs. "Here is the dog again, my lord," exclaimed the servant. "He is often cross and churlish to strangers," observed the maid, "yet he never bites." As they came nearer the door, his growl increased to a furious bark; but upon the maid's speaking to him sharply, he suffered her to enter the chamber, and the servant stepped back to hold the light to his lordship. On his old master's advancing towards the chamber, the dog drew back, and stood with a determined air of opposition, as if to guard the entrance. His lordship then called the dog by his name, and on repeating some terms of fondness, which in past times he had familiarly been accustomed to, he licked the hand from whose endearments he had so long been estranged.

But he still held firm to his purpose, and endeavored to oppose his master's passing to the chamber. Yet the servant was suffered, without further disputing the point, to go out; not, however, without another growl, though one rather of anger than resistance and which accompanied her with increased fierceness all the way down the stairs, which she descended with the same strange kind of hurry and confusion that had marked her behavior ever since his lordship's arrival. His lordship was prevented from dwelling long on this circumstance, by an attention to the dog, who, without being solicited farther, went a few paces from the threshold of the door, at which he kept guard, and after caressing his lordship, and using every gentle art of affectionate persuasion, (speech alone left out), went down one of the stairs, as if to persuade his master to accompany him. His lordship had his foot upon the threshold, when the dog caught the skirt of his coat between his teeth, and tugged it with great violence, yet with every token of love and terror; for he now appeared to partake of the general confusion of the family. The poor animal again renewed his fondling, rubbed his face softly along his master's side, sought the patting hand, raised his soliciting feet, and during these endearing ways he whined and trembled to a degree that could not escape the attention both of the master and the servant.

"I should suspect," said his lordship, "were I apt to credit omens, from a connection betwixt the deportment of the people of this inn, and the unaccountable solicitude of the dog, that there is something wrong about this house." "I have long been of the same opinion," observed the servant, "and wish, your honor, we had been wet to the skin in proceeding, rather than to have stopped here."

"It is too late to talk of wishes," rejoined his lordship, "neither can we set off now, were I disposed, for the hurricane is more furious than ever. Let us, therefore, make the best of it. In what part of the house do you sleep?" "Close at the head of your lordship's bed," answered the domestic, "in a little closet, slipside of a room by the stairs—there, my lord," added the servant, pointing to a small door on the right.

"Then go to bed—we are not wholly without means of defence, you know; and whichever of us shall be first alarmed, may apprise the other. At the same time, all this may be nothing more than the work of our own fancies."

The anxiety of the dog, during this conversation, cannot be expressed. On the servant's leaving the room, the dog ran hastily to the door, as if in hopes his lordship would follow, and looked as if to entice him so to do. Upon his lordship's advancing a few steps, the vigilant creature leaped up with every sign of satisfaction; but when he found those steps were directed only to close the door, his dejection was depicted in a manner no less lively than had been his joy.

It was scarcely possible not to be impressed by these unaccountable circumstances, yet his lordship was almost ashamed of yielding to them, and finding all quiet, both above and below, except the noise of the wind and rain; and finding that no caresses could draw the dog from the part of the room he had chosen, his lordship made a bed for the poor fellow with one of the mats, and then sought repose himself. Neither the dog, however, nor the master, could rest. The former rose often, and paced about the room: sometimes he came close to the bed curtains, and sometimes whined piteously, although the hand of reconciliation was put forth to soothe him. In the course of an hour after this, his lordship, wearied with conjectures, fell asleep; but he was soon aroused by his four-footed friend, whom he heard scratching violently at the closet door, an action which was accompanied by the gnashing of the dog's teeth, intermixed with the most furious growlings. His lordship, who had laid himself down in his clothes, and was literally resting on his arms—his brace of pistols lying under his pillow—now sprang from the bed. The rain had ceased, and the wind abated, from which circumstances he hoped to hear better what was passing. But nothing, for an instant, appeased the rage of the dog, who, finding his paws unable to force a passage into the closet, put his teeth to a small aperture at the bottom, and attempted to gnaw away the obstruction. There could be no longer a doubt that the cause of the mischief, or danger, whatsoever it might be, lay in that closet. Yet there appeared some risk in opening it; more particularly when, on trying to force the lock, it was found to be secured by some fastening on the inside. A knocking was now heard at the chamber door, through the key-hole of which a voice exclaimed "for God's sake, my lord, let me in." His lordship, knowing this to proceed from his servant, advanced armed, and admitted him. "All seems quiet, my lord, below stairs and above," said the man, "for I have never closed my eyes. For heaven's sake! what can be the matter with the dog, to occasion such a dismal howling?" "That I am resolved to know," answered his lordship, furiously pushing the closet door. No sooner was it burst open, than the dog, with inconceivable rapidity, rushed in, and was followed both by the master and man. The candle had gone out in the bustle, and the extreme darkness of the night prevented them from seeing any object whatever. But a hustling sort of noise was heard at the farther end of the closet. His lordship then fired one of his pistols at random, by way of alarm. A piercing cry, ending in a loud groan, immediately came from the dog. "Great God!" exclaimed his lordship, "I have surely destroyed my defender." He ran out for a light, and snatched a candle from the innkeeper, who came in apparent consternation, to enquire into the alarm of the family. Others of the house now entered the room, but without paying attention to their questions, his lordship ran towards the closet to look for his dog. "The door is open! the door is open!" ejaculated the publican; "then all is over!" As his lordship was re-entering the closet, he was met by his servant, who, with every mark of almost speechless countenance, exclaimed, "Oh, my lord! my lord! I have seen such shocking sights;" and, without being able to finish his sentence, he sank on the floor. Before his master could explore the cause of this, or succeed in raising up his fallen domestic, the poor dog came limping from the closet, while a blood-track marked his path. He gained, with great difficulty, the place where his lordship stood aghast, and fell at his master's feet. Every demonstration of grief ensued, but the dog, unmindful of his wounds, kept his eyes still intent upon the closet door, and denoted that the whole of the mystery was not yet developed.

Seizing the other pistol from the servant, who had fallen into a swoon, his lordship now re-entered the closet. The wounded dog crawled after him; when, on examining every part, he perceived, in one corner, an opening into the inn-yard, by a kind of trap-door, to which some broken steps descended. The dog seated himself on the steps, but there was nothing to be seen but a common sack. Nor was anything visible upon the floor, except some drops of blood, part of which were evidently those which had issued from the wound of the dog himself, and part must have been of long standing, as they were dried into the boards. His lordship went back into the bed-chamber, but the dog remained in the closet. On his return, the dog met him, breathing hard, as if from violent exercise, and he followed his master into the chamber.

The state of the man-servant, upon whom fear had operated so as to continue him in a succession of swoons, now claimed his lordship's attentions, and while those were administered, the dog again left the chamber. A short time after this, he was heard to bark aloud, then cry, accompanied by a noise, as if something heavy was drawn along the floor. On going once more into the closet, his lordship found the dog trying to bring forward the sack which had been seen lying on the steps near the trap-door. The animal renewed his exertions at the sight of his master; but, again exhausted both by labor and loss of blood, he rested his head and his feet on the mouth of the sack.

Excited by this new mystery, his lordship now assisted the poor dog in his labor, and, though that labor was not light, curiosity, and the apprehension of discovering something extraordinary, on the part of his lordship, and unabating perseverance on that of the dog to accomplish his purpose, gave them strength to bring at length the sack from the closet to the chamber. The servant was somewhat restored to himself, as the sack was dragged into the room, but every person who in the beginning of the alarm had rushed into the apartment, had now disappeared.

The opening of the sack surpassed all that human language can convey of human horror.

As his lordship loosened the cord which fastened the sack's mouth, the dog fixed his eyes on it, stood over it with wild and trembling eagerness, as if ready to seize and devour the contents.

The contents appeared, and the extreme of horror was displayed. A human body, as if murdered in bed, being covered only with a bloody shirt, and that clotted, and still damp, as if recently shed; the head severed from the shoulders, and the other members mangled and separated, so as to make the trunk and extremities lie in the sack, was now exposed to view.

The dog smelt the blood, and after surveying the corpse, looked piteously at his master, and licked his hand, as if grateful the mysterious murder was discovered.

It was proved that a traveller had really been murdered two nights before his lordship's arrival at that haunt of infamy, and that the offence was committed in the very chamber, and probably in the very bed, wherein his lordship had slept; and which, but for the warnings of his faithful friend, must have been fatal to himself.

The maid-servant was an accomplice in the guilt, and the ruffian travellers, who were confederating with the innholder and his wife, were the murderers of the bloody remains that had been just emptied from the sack, whose intent it was to have buried them that night in a pit, which their guilty hands had dug in an adjacent field belonging to the innholder; whose intention it likewise was to have murdered the nobleman, which was providentially prevented by the wonderful sagacity of the dog. The innkeeper and his wife were taken up, and punished according to their deserts; and the nobleman was so affected at his miraculous escape, that he bound up the wounds of the faithful dog with the greatest care, and the balms of love and friendship were infused. The master's hour of contrition was now come: he was sorry he had ever neglected so invaluable a friend; and, as the only peace-offering in his power, departed with this faithful companion from the house of blood, to that mansion he had formerly left in disgrace; where the caresses of a grateful family, and an uninterrupted state of tranquility, ameliorated with every indulgence they could bestow, was regularly continued as long as he lived.

SINGULARLY INTREPID ACTION OF A BRITISH SEAMAN.

In 1776, Admiral Watson having sailed with his squadron and the king's troops from Fort St. David to the assistance of Calcutta, in the East Indies, stopped at Mayapore, on the banks of the Ganges where the enemy had a place of considerable strength, called Bougee Fort, which it was necessary to secure before he proceeded any farther in the expedition. The action was begun by a brisk cannonade from the squadron, which soon silenced the cannon of the fort; but the garrison not offering to surrender, and continuing to discharge fire arrows and small arms, it was determined in a council of sea and land officers, that Colonel Clive should endeavor to take it by assault. For this purpose, at five in the evening, the admiral landed an officer, two midshipmen, and about forty sailors from each ship, under the command of Capt. King, to assist the colonel in storming the fort, which he intended doing just before daylight, under cover of two twenty-four pounders mounted close to the ditch. In the mean time, the colonel had given directions that the whole army, (the necessary guards excepted) and the detachment from the ships, should rest on the ground, in order to recover themselves as much as possible from the great fatigues they had undergone in the preceding day's service.

All was now quiet in the camp; and we on board the ships, which lay at their anchors but at a small distance from the shore, had entertained thoughts of making use of this interval to refresh ourselves with an hour or two of sleep; but suddenly a loud and universal acclamation was heard from the shore, and soon after an account was brought to the admiral that the fort had been taken by storm. This was a joyful piece of news, and the more so as it was quite unexpected; but when the particular circumstances that ushered in this success were related, our exultation was greatly abated, because we found that the rules so indispensably necessary in all military exploits had been entirely disregarded in the present instance, and therefore could not help looking upon the person who had the principal hand in this victory rather as an object of chastisement than of applause. The case was this:—

During the tranquil state of the camp, one Strahan, a common sailor belonging to the Kent, having been just served with a quantity of grog, (arrack mixed with water) had his spirits too much elated to think of taking any rest; he therefore strayed by himself towards the fort, and imperceptibly got under the walls. Being advanced thus far without interruption, he took it into his head to scale at a breach that had been made by the cannon of the ships; and having luckily gotten upon the bastion, he there discovered several Moor-men sitting upon the platform, at whom he flourished his cutlass, and fired his pistol, and then, having given three loud huzzas, cried out "*The place is mine!*" The Moorish soldiers immediately attacked him, and he defended himself with incredible resolution, but in the encounter had the misfortune to have the blade of his cutlass cut in two about a foot from the hilt; this mischance, however, did not happen till he was near being supported by two or three other sailors, who had accidentally straggled to the same part of the fort on which the other had mounted. They, hearing Strahan's cries, immediately scaled the breach likewise, and echoing the triumphant sound, roused the whole army, who, taking the alarm, presently fell on pell mell, without order and without discipline, following the example of the sailors. This attack, though made in such confusion, was followed with no ill consequence but the death of the worthy Captain Dougal Campbell, who was unfortunately killed by a musket bullet from one of our own pieces in the general confusion. Capt. Coote commanded the fort for that night, and at daylight the fort saluted the admiral. It was never exactly known what number of Moors there were in the fort when our people first entered. We took in the fort eighteen cannon, from twenty-four pounders downwards, and forty barrels of powder.

Strahan, the hero of this adventurous action, was soon before the admiral, who, notwithstanding the success that had attended it, thought it necessary to show himself displeased with a measure in which the want of all military discipline so notoriously appeared. He therefore angrily inquired into the desperate step which he had taken. "Mr. Strahan, what is this that you have been doing?" The fellow, after having made his bow, scratched his head, and with one hand twirling his hat upon the other, replied, "Why, to be sure, sir, it was I who took the fort, but I hope there was no harm in it." The admiral with difficulty was prevented from smiling at the simplicity of Strahan's answer; and the whole company were exceedingly diverted with his awkward appearance, and his language and manner in recounting the several particulars of his mad exploit. Mr. Watson expatiated largely on the fatal consequences that might have attended his irregular conduct, and then with a severe rebuke, dismissed him; but not before he had given the fellow some distant hints, that at a proper opportunity he would be certainly punished for his temerity. Strahan, amazed to find himself blamed where he expected praise, had no sooner gone from the admiral's cabin, than he muttered these words—"*If I am flogged for this ere action, I will never take another fort by myself as long as I live, by G—d!*"

The novelty of the case, the success of the enterprise, and the courageous spirit which he had displayed, pleaded strongly with the admiral in behalf of the offender; and yet, at the same time, the discipline of the service required that he should show him outwardly some marks of his displeasure. This the admiral did for some little time; but afterwards, at the intercession of some officers, which intercession the admiral himself prompted them to make, he most readily pardoned him. And it is not improbable, that had Strahan been properly qualified for the office of boatswain, he might on some other pretence, before the expedition had ended, have been promoted to that station in one of his majesty's ships. But, unfortunately for this brave fellow, the whole tenor of his conduct, both before and after the storming of the fort, was so very irregular, as to render it impossible for the admiral to advance him from his old station to any higher rank, how strongly soever his inclinations led him to do it.

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